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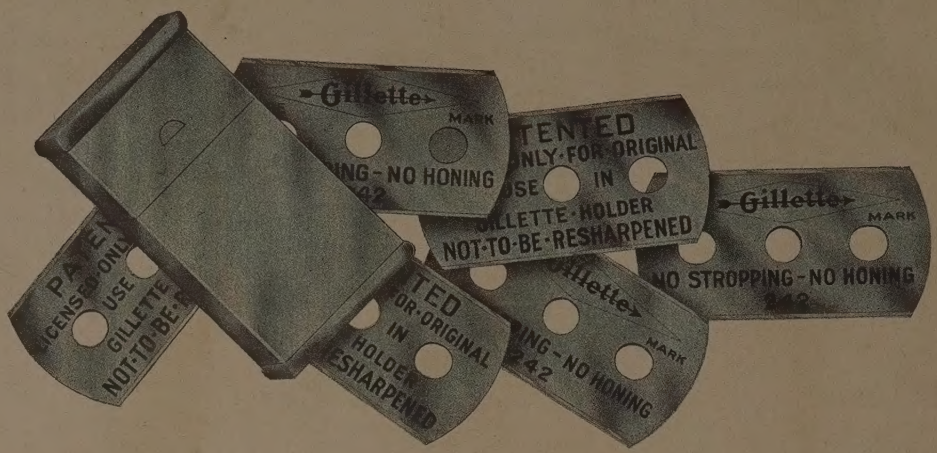

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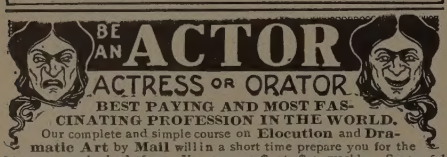

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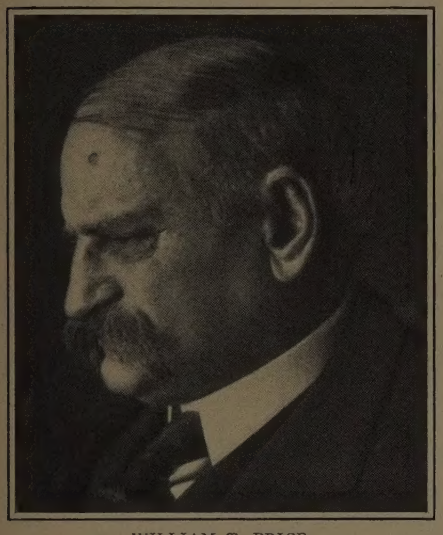
Some New Books

THE ANALYSIS OF PLAY CONSTRUCTION AND DRAMATIC PRINCIPLE. By W. T. Price. New York: W. T. Price, Publisher. Price, $5.00.

The first chapter of this book is entitled "The Delusion about Dramatic Instinct." It is a highly suitable introduction to the thirty-four chapters that follow, for Mr. Price teaches that playwriting is not a matter of instinct but of knowledge, of science and of art. His entire theory of instruction is based on the self-evident truth that scientific principles are invariably learned and taught, that people do not know them by instinct, no matter what their peculiar talents and temperament. Do artists paint without training in technique? Do real musicians play or real singers sing without the freedom gained from knowing how to use their talent?

"I think I shall conclusively demonstrate," says



WILLIAM T. PRICE
Author of "The Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle"

Mr. Price, "that the idea that one can be born a playwright is a monstrous lie and fraught with evil, as all lies are evil. If one personally believes that he himself is a born playwright, he is suffering from a form of insanity. You can no more be a born playwright than you can be a born chemist. Technique is a matter of knowledge. Technique is science and art. It existed before you were born."

This latest book by Mr. Price is undoubtedly the most far-reaching work on the construction of the drama that has ever been written. In a chapter devoted to "Analysis," Mr. Price says:

"Analysis is the source of all scientific knowledge. It must be exercised in the simplest matter one wishes to understand. There is a certain mechanism about playwriting that is just as distinct as the mechanism of a watch. Any contention to the contrary is the prejudice of ignorance. This refers, of course, only to the mechanism, to principles of construction and to the law of the drama, which must be obeyed by every one who attempts a drama, whether he be a genius or an ordinary human being. I may incidentally remark that many of our best plays are written by so-called ordinary people, and that many of our worst plays are written by so-called geniuses. I do not believe it is possible to become an expert in playwriting without understanding analysis."

Among the principles treated separately are Theme, Material, Conditions Precedent, Proposition, Plot, Division into Acts, Division into Scenes, Action, Unity, Sequence, Cause and Effect, Mere Life, Mere Story, Mere Business, Mere Words, Indirection, Objectivity, The Unexpected, Preparation, The Self-explanatory, Compulsion, Facts, The Necessary and the Unnecessary, Character, Dialogue, Exits and Entrances, Episode, Scenery and Detail. In this connection he says:

"While playwriting is an art, it is an art in the nature of an exact science. As a science it has certain fundamental truths which, like axioms in geometry, must be accepted as a necessary prerequisite to a proper understanding of the art as developed in the following pages. Among these truths are the following: Every real play must have a theme, a proposition, a plot. It must be governed by unity. Its scenes must have proper action, which in its turn must be developed in proper sequence, and subject to the laws of cause and effect. And above all, in the building of a

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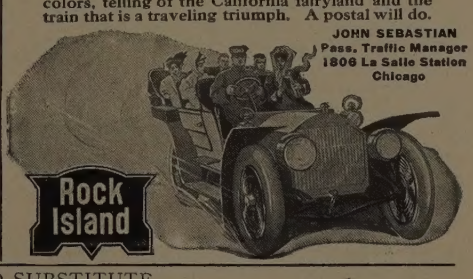

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A valuable and entertaining exposition of the marvelous growth of speed and its trends.

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play, we are proceeding ever and always from the general to the particular, from that which is uncertain and unfixed to that which is specific."

The scope of Mr. Price's deductions for the benefit of the student of plays will perhaps be partially understood, when it is stated that the present volume of more than four hundred pages is only the first of several books that will be issued as a continued course of study. Thus it is that no section of work already published has been treated summarily, or with lack of detail. Rather the treatise is exhaustive, notably in the plays analysed as models for the student,—"Ingomar," "Camille," "The Lady of Lyons," "Still Waters Run Deep" and "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." Mr. Price recommends to the student of the drama not only the reading of plays,—reading, reading, reading! ! !—but the carefully, scholarly analysis of all he can get hold of.

"Coming over on a steamer not long ago some one cornered Paul Potter, a man whose mastery of technique is as great as that of any other I know," says Mr. Price, "and asked him, 'How does one learn to write a play?' That is a question that can not be answered in a single word; but Mr. Potter's answer comes as near covering the case as possible. His reply was, 'By analyzing plays.' Mr. Potter added that he had analyzed a thousand plays, and that Bronson Howard, the first scientific dramatist America ever had (apart from Bartley Campbell), had analyzed twelve hundred or more."

"Now what does one discover on analysis? He certainly finds that there are not one hundred new and different principles in each of these thousand plays, and that the art of playwriting does not depend upon the caprice of each writer; but that it is systematic and can be reduced to system, one system, not a hundred systems. The analyist finds that it is the same art, whether exercised by Shakespeare or by Ibsen or by Henry Arthur Jones. This art is independent of genius. It is a universal keyboard. Note that this has nothing to do with the qualities or general nature of a play. The play may be good or bad. We analyze with reference to technique."

DIANA OF DOBSON'S. A Novel by Cecily Hamilton. New York: The Century Co.

This is a rattling good story all but the end, which is tame and improbable. A shop girl, ill treated by her employer, suddenly inherits £300. What will she do with it? Anxious to see something of the bright, gay life outside, she determines to spend the whole inheritance in one month, living and dressing luxuriously on the best money can buy. She goes to Switzerland, where she attracts attention as a supposedly wealthy widow, and an English officer falls in love with her. When he proposes she confesses what the true situation is, whereupon he upbraids her as an adventuress. She retorts that he is a fortune hunter and incapable of making a living by his own efforts. This puts the Englishman on his mettle and he tries to find work. Three months later they meet on the Thames embankment. Both have failed, they are tattered and starving. He buys her a cup of coffee with money borrowed from a policeman, and in their mutual misery they are reconciled. This decidedly weak ending spoils what promised in the earlier chapters to be a stirring romance. The style is brisk and the character drawing excellent.

TRUE STORIES OF CRIME. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Thanks to his official connection with the District Attorney's office, Mr. Train is peculiarly well equipped for writing interestingly on criminal life in the metropolis. The present volume is little more than a résumé of certain *causes célèbres*, such as the Patrick poisoning case, etc., which from time to time have engrossed public attention, but here at least one has the whole story from beginning to end, and not piecemeal as it is necessarily served in the daily newspapers. Mr. Train is a conscientious and conservative writer, and his interpolated personal comments as he goes along greatly enhance the attractiveness of each narrative.

Books Received

"Pelleas and Melisande." A play by Maurice Maeterlinck. Illustrated. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, publishers.

"The Hypocrites." A play in four acts by Henry Arthur Jones. New York and London: Samuel French, publishers.

"The Worth of a Woman." A play in four acts by David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Company, publishers.

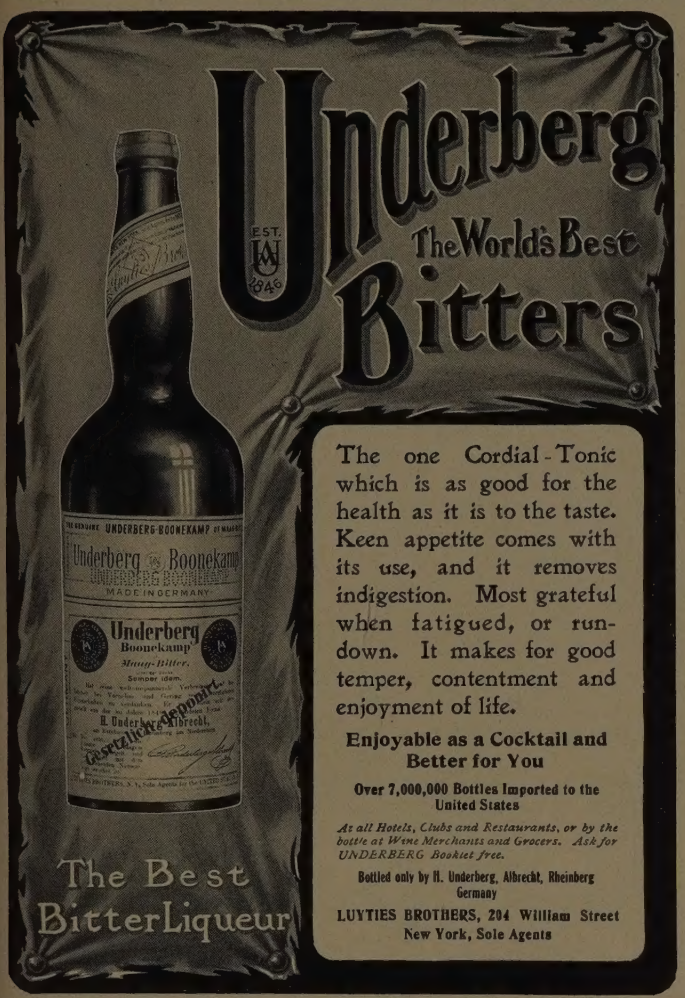
"King Alfred's Jewel." A play by the authors of Mors et Victoria. New York and London: John Lane Company, publishers. Cloth. Price $1.25.

"Philosophie et Drame." Essay on the Wagnerian Dramas by Gustave Robert. Paris: Librairie Plon.

"The Standard Concert Guide." By George Upton. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company, publishers.

"A Grand Army Man." A novel founded on the play by David Belasco. Illustrated. New York: The Century Company, publishers.

"Mater." A comedy by Percy MacKaye. Cloth. Price $1.25. New York: The Macmillan Company.



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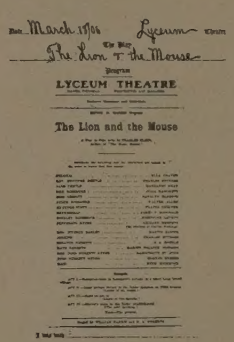

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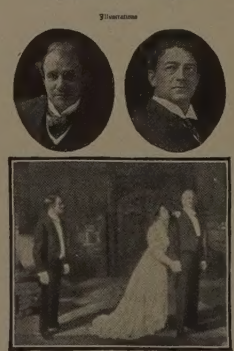

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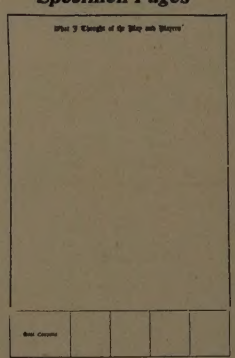

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO. 26 WEST 33RD ST. N.Y.

Arthur Hoops James K. Hackett Nina Morris

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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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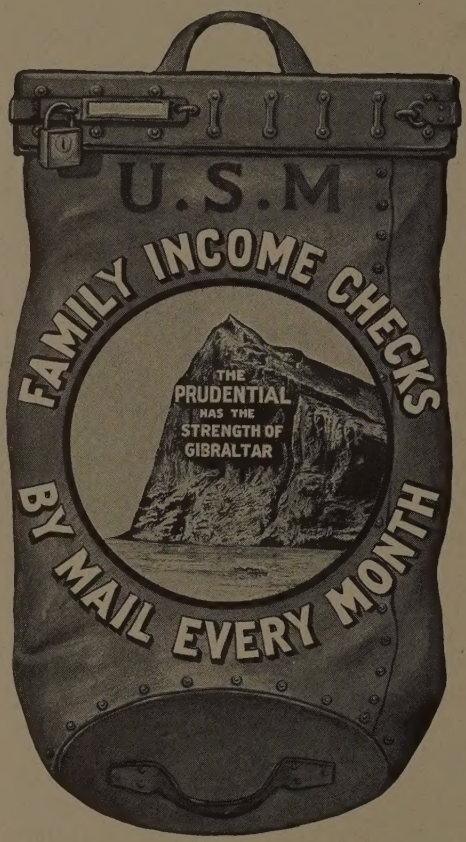

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THE THEATRE

VOL. VIII. NOVEMBER, 1908 No. 93

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White

MISS GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD IN "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY" AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE

AT THE PLAYHOUSE

STUYVESANT. "The Fighting Hope." Play in three acts by William J. Hurlbut. Produced September 22 with this cast:

Burton Temple.....Charles Richman
Marshfield Craven.....John W. Cope
Robert Granger.....Howell Hansel
Anna .....Blanche Bates Mrs. Mason.....Loretta Wells

In "The Fighting Hope" we have the highest triumph of Miss Blanche Bates, the most indisputable proof of Mr. Belasco's mastery of stagecraft, and the promise, if not the assurance, of a new author; but in considering the play as a play we must make some qualifications. Miss Blanche Bates is not the customary sweetly pretty woman measurably dependent upon gowns and those personal rather than artistic artifices by means of which acting becomes less a matter of serious expression and rather a matter of coquetry with the public. She has large capabilities, with the moving power of analytical thought back of them, and means of expression which are always definite and effective. Her task was perhaps less difficult than that of Mr. Belasco. If he sometimes fails to secure those effects which linger in the heart and become the memory of a lifetime, he always gets out of his material more than can be done by other managers who may be assumed to be of the highest excellence. It is interesting to inquire why and how he obtains these results. Without undertaking a minute study of the matter we may call attention to a practical necessity in stage production, which is probably getting to be more and more recognized by managers. It is something that comes only from long experience and from the dramatic conscience. With Mr. Belasco, we may be sure, nothing is settled until it is settled right. He makes no compromises. If a scene is ineffective in the manuscript or in performance, he finds a way to make it effective. With him everything must count at every moment — somehow. If an actor cannot bring out a certain point he gets another actor who can. Very often he is theatrical and accomplishes something largely by means of business which has no substance in it. In this play he keeps the first two acts alive, which in other hands may have been so tedious as to ruin the play.

The story of the play is that a young wife, with two boys, whose husband is in the penitentiary, convicted of having overcertified a check of a corporation for several hundred thousand dollars, secures employment with the president as his stenographer. She believes, and public opinion is largely with her, that the president is the criminal. She has a fighting hope of securing the evidence to this effect. The president has a detective at work to secure absolute evidence of the guilt of the other man. This comes in the form of a letter written by the convict to one of his confederates, which is now sent to his employer by the detective in the ordinary course of the mails, unregistered, and without any safeguard whatever, as if it were a bit of ordinary correspondence. However, the situation is reached. It is delivered to the stenographer, who, in her trembling apprehension, does not immediately open it. This secures another situation. The letter is placed in the safe. She secures it and burns it, because it establishes the guilt of her husband, the father of her children. When the president calls for the letter she is compelled to confess, which secures another situation. He forgives her, because he loves her. The husband appears saying that he had been pardoned. When she tells him of her discovery, and that she will testify to the truth in court in order to exonerate her employer, he accuses her of improper relations with her employer, and that he will ruin her by his testimony. The wife also discovers that her husband had stolen the money, not for her, but for another woman with whom he was infatuated. Officers arrive in pursuit of the escaped convict, who had lied in saying that he had been pardoned. She consents to direct him to a means of escape, but a shot is presently heard, and we learn that the husband is dead, whereupon she is free to marry the man whom she now loves.

LULU GLASER
In "Mlle. Mischief" at the Lyric Theatre

It is obvious that from the time of the arrival of the fateful letter a stirring action begins. Up to this time, it had been passive, not active, hardly more than a condition of affairs. In other words, here is a three-act play, with substance in it only for about one powerful act. When the wife rains feminine blows on her despicable husband, human sympathy and indignation are strongly aroused. The situation is vital. The other situations indicated have also their side of sympathy. They are effective in a theatrical way, but that which is theoretically relied upon in the play, as a play, to excite a strong interest is wholly absent. There is not the slightest glimmer of any love between the stenographer and her employer. It would be almost impossible to prove it, at best. As a psychological question, it is worthy of treatment on the stage, but it is one of those dislocations of life which cannot be made satisfactory either in a romantic or real sense. The result is that the play has all the characteristics of melodrama. Melodrama is melodrama largely because the effects in it are more important than the causes. In this way, the strongest effects become momentary. In this way, improbabilities are overpowered by the thrill of the actual situation, however that situation may be reached. There are certain conditions in the play that are improbable because they are not worked out, but some of them are so small, being only technically improbable, that it would be hypercriticism to quarrel with them. The play will remain a success in spite

of any exceptions that may be taken. It is a triumph of stage management and acting. There are only five people in the cast, and all are fit. Mr. John W. Cope, as the confidential associate of the president, gives a characterization of a cynical, worldly-wise, energetic business man, with dry humor, without which the play would be almost flavorless. Usually, it is a delusion when an actor claims to have "created" a part. In this case it would not be. It is a performance that alone would repay a visit to "The Fighting Hope."

Chas. A. Stevenson Isabel Irving Frederick Lewis

Michael (Frederick Lewis) finds his political enemy at the feet of his mother

SCENE IN PERCY MACKAYE'S COMEDY "MATER" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

SAVOY. "MATER." Play in three acts by Percy Mackaye. Produced September 25 with this cast:

Hon. Arthur Cullen..Chas. A. Stevenson	Rudolph Verbeck.....John Junior
Michael Dean.....Frederick Lewis	Mary Dean.....Hazel MacKaye
Mater .....Isabel Irving	

It was Henry Bernstein in "The Thief" who inaugurated a spirit of technical improvement, which has since been followed by the authors of "Paid in Full," "The Mollusc," "The Fighting Hope" and "Mater." The individual writers of these several plays have found it possible to develop, expound, and bring to a logical conclusion their respective dramatic fables by the use of a limited *dramatis personæ*. In three cases, at least, it has been possible to make the question of *locale* a veritable unity; only one scene being required as a background. What a blessed commercial adjunct this is only the producer is qualified to assert. "Mater," now current at the Savoy, is described by its author, Mr. Percy Mackaye, as a "study in comedy." Mr. Mackaye is recognized as a young writer of serious purpose, with a strong inclination toward the poetic and psychologic. His "Sappho and Phaon," while it failed to please the general public, was marked by much historic grace and poetic insight. In spite of the fact that his latest effort is distinctly modern in theme, the natural trend of his genius—the word is used advisedly—tends to mark its execution with an excess of metaphor and lyric allusion. Highly cultivated people undoubtedly employ liberal extracts from the classics, and are even known to indulge in hyperbole, but with a single exception Mr. Mackaye's characters can hardly describe the simplest effect without a liberal infusion of trope and metaphor, all of which does not conduce to either simplicity or verisimilitude.

The story is that of a middle-aged widow—superlatively young in appearance and manner, with a son and daughter. The son is an idealist in politics, the daughter a student of the advanced type, with a tremendous appreciation of her brother as a social and political regenerating factor. The son is a candidate for the Assembly, but the idea of contributing to the campaign expenses is so foreign to his ideals that it looks as though all were off, until the mother, by a process of mistaken identity—she is taken for her own daughter—cajoles by her wiles and charms the political boss, ensures the son's election and wins thereby his bitter denunciation and disgust. But the final result is satisfactorily worked out, and the idea that opportunism is not to be entirely despised wins the widow a prospective husband in the political leader and further re-attaches to herself the love, admiration and regard of her children.

"Mater" as a play is a peculiar combination of the excellent, the trite, the commonplace and the impossible. It is a most uneven piece of work, but it has one advantage in that its final act is the best of the three. Plenty of its satire is trenchant and pointed, some of its humor is sparkling and witty, but quite an

White Eric Maturin Grant Mitchell Maxine Elliott Viola Fortescue

SCENE IN RACHEL CROTHERS' COMEDY "MYSELF—BETTINA" AT DALY'S THEATRE

amount of its sentiment is labored if not false. "Mater" is not a work that will appeal to the multitude; but to those theatregoers who care for a little mental stimulation there is much in this comedy that will give satisfaction. The single set is charmingly artistic and appropriate. The title rôle is played by Isabel Irving, who conveys accurately the needed physical requirements of the part. She is vivacious, piquant and pretty, but a trifle too strenuous. The points to her speeches are often overemphasized to their actual loss. Charles A. Stevenson is the politician, certainly not of the usual type—unless it be J. Sergeant Cram, but his personality is so engaging and refined that the illusion gains thereby. Frederick Lewis is admirably forceful as the idealistic son, and Hazel Mackaye as the sister and John Junior as her Philistine lover are quite in the picture.

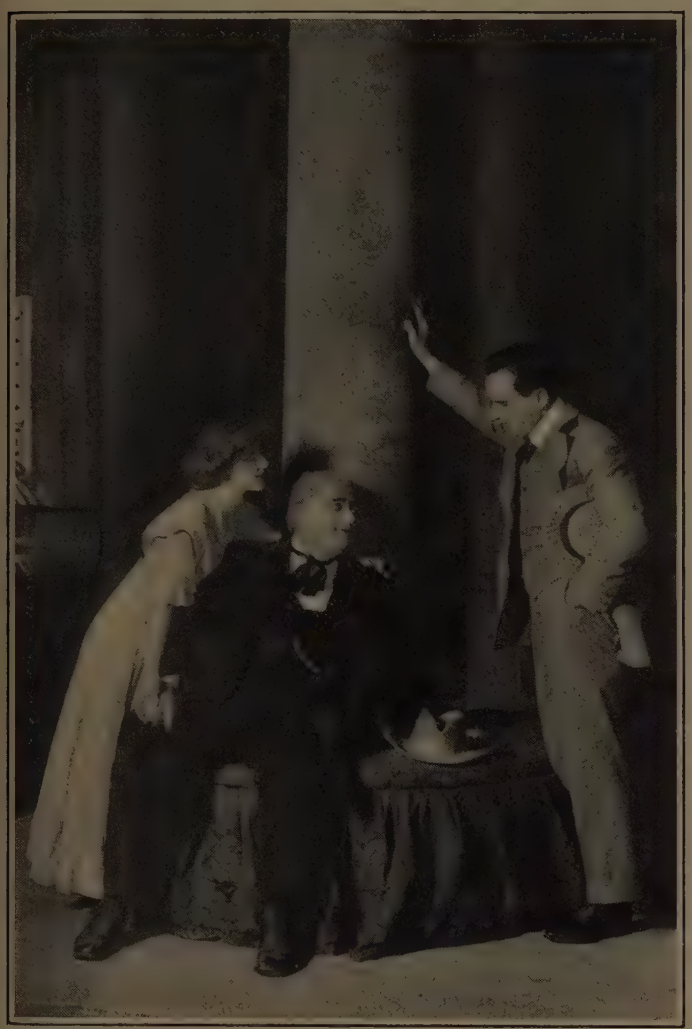
BIJOU. "A GENTLEMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI." Play in four acts by Messrs. Harrison Rhodes and Thomas A. Wise. Produced September 29 with this cast:

William H. Langdon	Mr. Wise
Horatio Peabody	W. J. Brady
James Stevens	Hal De Forrest
Charles Norton	Ernest Baxter
Randolph Langdon	Stanhope Wheatcroft
"Bud" Haines	Mr. Fairbanks
Dick Cullen	Harry Stubbs
Colonel Beverly Stoneman	Frederick Bock
Clerk at the International Hotel	Chas. Chappelle
Colonel J. D. Telfer	E. H. Bender
Signor Caracioli	M. W. Rale
Mrs. Spangler	Sue Van Duzer
Carolina Langdon	Harriet Worthington
Hope Georgia Langdon	Lola May
Amelia Butterworth	Agnes De Lane
Madame Des Aretins	Karen Nielsen

"A Gentleman from Mississippi" is an exceedingly diverting entertainment, in which there are scenes, perfect in themselves, and characters calculated for commercial success with the unerring precision of managers, stage managers and actors skilled in the means of providing amusement. In other words, the play itself is not so substantial, convincing and artistic as are the details for which the practical people above described are largely responsible. We never quarrel with a success, and we are not disposed to question the share of the author in that success; nevertheless, the complete play is not nearly so good as its details. Certainly the episodes of a play may give greater pleasure than the main action of a play. A Mississippi senator, just elected and unused to political life, comes to Washington, employs a secretary who knows all about the iniquitous methods of the politicians at the Capitol, is about to be compromised by his own son and daughter, who permit themselves to become involved in the management of a corrupt measure which would bring them money but disgrace their father. The attempted treachery of his two children is so unnatural that it is not only exceedingly unpleasant, but it exhibits too plainly a crude mechanism. From a commercial point of view imperfection of this kind is justified by the undoubtedly successful opportunity for comedy and for dramatic situation. Undoubtedly, an audience which is amply entertained takes this same point of view. No audience will be critical when it is provided with such laughter as comes from the episodic relation of the senator, himself an ex-Confederate, with a broken down old Federal soldier seeking a pension at Washington. Engaging in conversation, they find that they

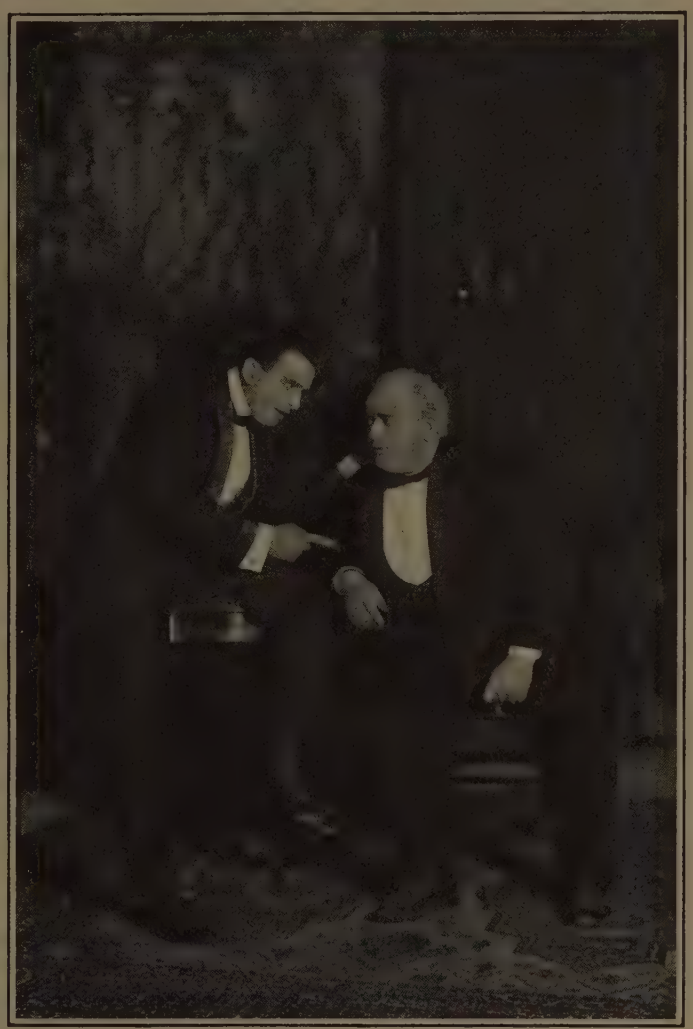
EDGAR SELWYN
In his new play, "Pierre of the Plains"

Scenes in "A Gentleman from Mississippi" at the Bijou



Photos White Lola May Thomas A. Wise Douglas Fairbanks

ACT I. SENATOR LANGDON (MR. WISE): "FROM NEW YORK, EH? AH YES! THE VICKSBURG OF THE NORTH"



Douglas Fairbanks Thomas A. Wise

ACT III. "BUD" HAINES (MR. FAIRBANKS): "SENATOR PEABODY WILL NOT GO TO PHILADELPHIA TO-NIGHT!"

Hal de Forrest W. J. Brady Thomas A. Wise Ernest Baxter Douglas Fairbanks

ACT III. SENATOR LANGDON (MR. WISE): "YOU'VE LIVED SO LONG IN WASHINGTON THAT YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THE UNITED STATES!"

Anna (Blanche Bates) burns the evidence of her husband's guilt
SCENE IN "THE FIGHTING HOPE" AT THE STUYVESANT THEATRE

opposed each other in a certain battle. They fight the battle over again, designating positions with hats and chairs and canes amid the most exuberant recital. An additional episode sees the senator supplying his old enemy with funds to reach home, and parting from him with embraces. The first of these little episodes in this history is when the old Federal soldier is to be thrown out of the hotel lobby by a negro porter, the senator intervening and becoming his friend. We say that none of these can be excelled in the management and in the acting. They are complete in themselves. They could be used on the stage without any reference whatever to this play. We do not say that this is not good playwriting. It is only calling attention to some of the methods which contain the wisdom of actor and stage manager. The combination of Mr. Thomas A. Wise and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks is a happy one. The action throws them much together. The senator is helpless without his secretary. Perhaps this helplessness is somewhat overdrawn, but it answers the purposes of the play. The senator is honest and lovable. He has those qualities which draw all men to one of his character. With entire knowledge of his art, Mr. Wise gets his effects with naturalness and ease and apparent artlessness, for all which audiences accustomed to too much artifice on the stage are always thankful. Mr. Fairbanks is also without artifice, and has the natural attribute of fervor. As an exposition of corrupt legislative methods, the play no doubt represents the truth, but its strength and popularity do not lie there.

CASINO. "MARCELLE." Operetta in two acts by Messrs. Pixley and Luders. Produced October 1 with this cast:

Baron von Berghof.....Jess Dandy	Hans .....George Lyman
Lieut. von Berghof.Frank Rushworth	Fritz .....George Reed
Dumm .....Henry Norman	Marcelle .....Louise Gunning
Herr Schwindle.Herbert Cawthorne	Lucille .....Edith Girvan
Klug .....Geo. Boniface, Jr.	Fraulein Elsa von Berghof.E. Ryan
"Bud" Wilson.....Lawrence Wheat	Mitzi .....Marion Ford
Pierre .....Robert O'Connor	Mrs. Darlington...Leona Anderson
Corporal Frisch.....David Bennett	Baroness von Berghof..Nettie Black

"Marcelle," with Miss Louise Gunning in it, and with much of the opera in her, afforded some delightful moments, some agreeable quarter hours, and a fair lump sum of happiness for the entire evening. If we should say that any of this happiness was occasioned by the story of a childless German Baron who had to find an heir, at the late date of twenty years after marriage, or lose his estate, with the incidents growing out of this situation, we would hardly expect to be believed. He despatches a stupid emissary to meet the incoming train from Paris to take from it the first "heir" he could lay his hands on, who is just nineteen years old. The emissary, not knowing that a son was required, brings a beautiful girl, Marcelle. It becomes necessary, of course, for Marcelle to translate herself into a boy. It is not likely that any twentieth century audience, anywhere in the world, would regard this proposition seriously. It is Feebleness itself toying with the hour-glass of Time. But what matters the age of it? Miss Louise Gunning is young; in other words, the new woman of the best type. It would be perfectly proper for the choruses to dance about her and sing her praises, and to applaud her songs. It would be a delightful entertainment, and just as reasonable as what is done in regard to Marcelle herself. The story has consistency enough to give the desired opportunities for comic opera purposes. The result is that "Marcelle" is a most successful diversion, as artistic as is possible in every external. Its leading comedian, Mr. Jess Dandy, as the Baron, with an intricate German pronunciation, is not as amusing in his lingual contortions as others who have cultivated this field of endeavor. He nevertheless helps to supply a scene which is distinctly

(*Continued on page x*)

DR. MAURICE BAUMFELD
Director of the Deutsches Theater

SCENE IN ACT I OF "DIE RABENSTEINERIN"
Drama in four acts by Ernst von Wildenbruch, produced October 1

MR. HENRY BLITZ
Business Manager of the Deutsches Theater

The German Stage in New York

MARA KORFF

THIS season we have in New York two German theatres instead of one—the comfortable playhouse at Irving Place and 14th Street, of which Gustav Amberg, Heinrich Conried and Dr. Baumfeld were in turn directors, and the splendid new theatre which Messrs. Henry Blitz, Dr. Baumfeld and Eugene Burg have just opened on the site of the old Lenox Lyceum at 59th Street and Madison Avenue. That it is possible to maintain in this city two first-class houses exclusively devoted to German drama, is proof sufficient of the love which the German-speaking population of Manhattan have for the stage.

FERDINAND STEIL

The Deutsches Theater, as the new house is named, opened its doors to the public October 1 last, the bill being Ernst von Wildenbruch's four-act drama, "Die Rabensteinerin." The theatre was filled to overflowing by an enthusiastic audience eager to see the much talked of decorations by Mucha and Herts. Messrs. Hedman and Schoen, the architects, have provided an auditorium giving an uninterrupted view of the stage. There are no posts or supporting columns to vex one, and the orchestra seats are comfortable, with ample space for passing in and out. Back of these a row of boxes extends across the width of the auditorium, and over the boxes are two balconies. On the lower floor a broad semi-circular promenade is an attractive feature, terminating at one end with the smoking room, done in grays and browns. On the first balcony floor is another foyer with a buffet and smoking room, all artistically treated in greenish woodwork, and gray color scheme.

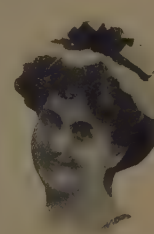
CARL SICK

Mucha has had ample opportunity for his bold, vigorous art in the large decoration over the proscenium arch, "The Quest of Beauty," also in two large panels, "Tragedy" and "Comedy," which occupy the spaces usually given to boxes, at either side of the stage, and in the two circular decorations surmounting these panels, "The American Girl" and "The German Girl." All these mural decorations are highly effective and artistically beautiful.

HEDWIG REICHER
Leading woman at the Deutsches Theater

Dr. Baumfeld has surrounded himself with able assistants. His co-operative director is Eugene Burg, stage manager last year at the Irving Place Theatre, and prominent among the members of the company are Hedwig Reicher, daughter of the great character actor, Emanuel Reicher, who took the leading woman's rôle in the opening play; Bianca Froehlich, late *prima ballerina* at the Metropolitan Opera House, and who this season appears as a soubrette; her sister Toni, who will be seen in both ingenue and comic rôles; Mara Korff, Hanne Liedtke-Proft, Ilse Van Tasso, Martha Spier and Madame Neuendorff, long a favorite in this city. Among the men are Ferdinand Steil, a Shakespearian actor, who comes from Leipzig; Kurt Grosser, from the Meiningen Court Theatre; Harry Liedtke, the handsome young lover of the opening night; Carl Sick, well known as actor and stage manager, and Emil Lind. These are only a few of the members of the excellent company engaged for the new playhouse.

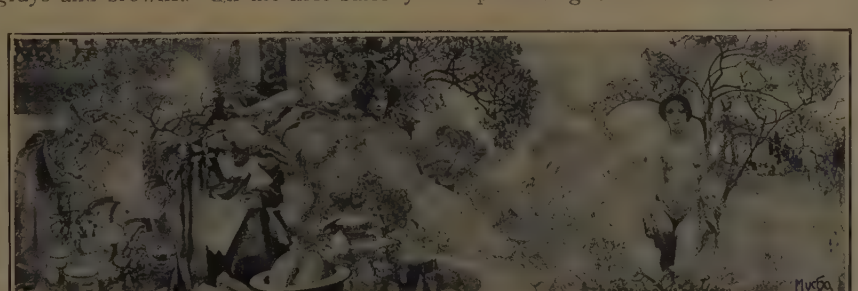
HARRY LIEDTKE



HANNE LIEDTKE-PROFT

KURT GROSSER

Dr. Baumfeld's views are broad. While desirous of presenting German classics to his audiences, he by no means wishes to confine the repertoire to Schiller, Goethe, Lessing, Grillparzer, and such great authors who have made German stage literature renowned. Eminent modern dramatists will be well represented, and the plays given will also include many



DECORATION "THE QUEST OF BEAUTY"
Specially painted by Mucha for the Deutsches Theater

OTTO GEBUEHR
Irving Place Theatre

light but clever farces. In short, a repertoire which should appeal to all varieties of cultured taste will be given. On Oct. 6 the bill was changed to Franz Molnar's drama, "Der Teufel" ("The Devil"), Eugene Burg distinguishing himself in the title rôle. In this piece as in the opening play, the work of the company showed the careful schooling and fine attention to detail for which the German stage is noted.

The next important change of bill will be "William Tell," with Ferdinand Steil in the title rôle. It will be an especially elaborate production, the scenery having been designed by Professor Roller of Vienna, who did "Fidelio" for the Metropolitan Opera House. After this will come the following plays: "The Yellow Nightingale," by Hermann Bahr; "Divorce," by Paul Bourget; "La Marquise," by Sardou, and "Der Erdgeist," by Wedekind; three one-act plays by Schnitzler, and "The Robbers" and "Kabale und Liebe," by Schiller, and towards the close of the season the special engagement of Emanuel Reicher in Ibsen plays.

With the accession of Mr. Otto Weill to the direction of the Irving Place Theatre, a new policy has been inaugurated, which seems likely to restore to that house the prosperity and prestige of former years. Realizing that the German-speaking public in this city is more keenly interested in the lighter forms of art than in the works of the more tragic and classic repertory, Mr. Weill has announced his intention of confining his productions to comedy and farce. He has made an important new departure by reducing the price of admission to the best parts of the theatre. This season the most desirable seat in the orchestra will cost only $1.50 instead of the $2.50 formerly charged.

OTTO WEILL
Director of the Irving Place Theatre

During his recent visit to Europe, Mr. Weill was fortunate enough to secure for production most of the reigning comedy and farce successes of the German stage. He has completely reorganized the Irving Place company. Among the celebrities who have been engaged are Gustav Conradi, the popular comedian; Otto Gebuehr, who plays the important parts attributed in Germany to what are known technically as the "young bon vivants," and Hermine Hollmann, who is one of the most charming soubrettes before the public. All these artists, with many others of reputation and talent, appeared on October 1 last in Kadelburg and Skowronnek's amusing comedy, "Husarenfieber" ("The Dancing Hussars"). For many months "Husarenfieber" held the boards of innumerable theatres in Germany and Austria.

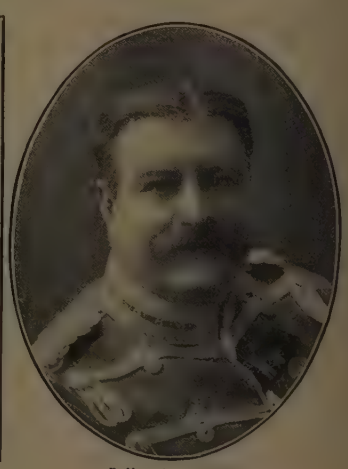
ADELHEID SCHNEIDER
Irving Place Theatre

Many equally popular and diverting works of a light or sentimental order will be seen during the season at the Irving Place. To name only a few of them, we shall see Gustav Wied's satirical comedy, "2 x 2=5" ("Twice Two Are Five"); "Die Liebe Wacht" (a German version of the most successful recent production at the Théâtre Français, "L'Amour Veille"); "Vater und Sohn" ("Father and Son"), a comedy in three acts by Gustav Esman; "Gretchen," which is described as a "grotesque" in three acts by Gustav Davis and Leopold Lipschuetz; "Die Blaue Maus" ("The Blue Mouse"), a farce by Alexander Engel and Julius Horst; "La Paloma," a love comedy in four acts by Felix Hübel; "Das Letzte Mittel" ("The Last Resource"), a farce by Philipp Berges; "Die Thuer ins Freie" ("The Open Door"), a comedy by Oscar Blumenthal and Gustav Kadelburg, and a German version of a new play by Henry Bernstein, arranged by Rudolph Lothar, and entitled "Baccarat." To be quite in the fashion, the new manager intends to produce Franz Molnar's sensational work, "Der Teufel" ("The Devil"), besides Henry Bernstein's "The Thief."

The Irving Place company will include the following artists: Nicol Albrecht, Oscar Fuchs, Otto Gebuehr, Julius Haller, Martin Lux, Claudius Merten, Siegfried Reinhardt, Ferdinand Schindler, Hans Senius, Magnus Stift, Julius Strassmann, Max Walden, Else Bauberger, Amalie Cramer, Hermine Hollmann, Betty Konrad, Erna Nitter, Adelheid Schneider, Gertrud Urban, Else Waldmann, Paul Feldern, Maria Olms and Alice Becker.

Magnus Stift

Hermine Hollmann — Erna Nitter



Julius Strassmann

MEMBERS OF THE IRVING PLACE THEATRE STOCK COMPANY

Anna (Blanche Bates)

ACT II. ANNA FINDS THE EVIDENCE PROVING HUSBAND UNFAITHFUL

Housekeeper (Loretta Wells) Anna (Blanche Bates)

ACT II. ANNA RECEIVES A LETTER FROM HER BOY

Photos by Byron, N. Y.

Robt. Granger (Howell Hansel) Anna (Blanche Bates)

ACT III. THE HUSBAND PLEADS FOR FORGIVENESS

Scenes in W. J. Hurlbut's Drama "The Fighting Hope" at the Stuyvesant Theatre

This play tells the story of a woman whose husband, a bank cashier, is in prison for embezzlement. She believes the president of the bank to be the real criminal and she goes to his house in the guise of a stenographer to secure evidence. Instead she finds a letter which proves that her husband was false to her and showing the complete innocence of the bank president, who has begun to love her. She confronts her husband, who has escaped from prison, pursued by the guards. She lets him out of the house. A shot is heard. Fate has found a solution

The Play of the Month—"Love Watches"

"LOVE WATCHES," which is now running to crowded houses at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, is an adaptation by Gladys Unger from the French play, in four acts, entitled "L'Amour Veille," by G. Caillavet and R. De Flers, which has been one of the recent successes at the Comédie Française. The piece is a delightful comedy of manners, and has proven as great a success with American audiences as it has in Paris. Jacqueline is a girl so impulsive, so ignorant of the world and its conventions, that she frankly tells Count André de Juvigny that she loves him. This is a charming scene in Act I. André is alone on the stage when Jacqueline bursts in:

ANDRÉ: Hello, how are you, Jacqueline?
JACQUELINE: Why, how do you do, André?
ANDRÉ: What's the matter? You look angry.
JACQUELINE: I am.
ANDRÉ: So am I, why are you?
JACQUELINE: Would you believe it? My aunt wants me to get married!
ANDRÉ: Me, too!
JACQUELINE: To Empedocles Augarde!
ANDRÉ: To a Saint-Ermin!
JACQUELINE: But I've sent word to her—never! Never!
ANDRÉ: So have I! Never! Never!
JACQUELINE: In the first place, I don't want to get married!
ANDRÉ: And I can't.
JACQUELINE: You! What's to prevent?
ANDRÉ: Oh, a lot of things.
JACQUELINE: But what? What?
ANDRÉ: Oh—er—I've such a lot of calls to make—and—er—so many letters to write. But you—why do you refuse?
JACQUELINE: Oh, I have a serious reason.
ANDRÉ: The mischief you have! Out with it!
JACQUELINE: I can't explain. It's too short to tell you.
ANDRÉ: Eh? You funny little thing. Go on—tell me.
JACQUELINE: I'm in love.
ANDRÉ: A baby like you. Where is the object of your affections? At school?
JACQUELINE: Oh! No! He's long past that! Though not so *very* long! In any case, he's a dream!
ANDRÉ: Indeed?
JACQUELINE: A dream!
ANDRÉ: You don't say so! Really, I'm getting quite curious to see this dream.
JACQUELINE: You'd like to see him?
ANDRÉ: Yes.
JACQUELINE: You're sure you'd like to see him?
ANDRÉ: Yes, yes!
JACQUELINE (*impulsively taking hand-glass from table and giving it to him*): Then look!
ANDRÉ: Me?
(*A slight pause. He stands, astonished, looking at his own face in the glass. Jacqueline is thoroughly frightened at herself.*)
JACQUELINE (*apologetically*): Oh! I know I oughtn't to have told you—it isn't ladylike, it isn't even gentlemanly! But I don't know how to hide my feelings—I haven't any tact! It just slipped out because it's so true, so true! Anyhow, I can't help being in love with you, so please, please, forgive me!
ANDRÉ: Oh! Jacqueline! Jacqueline! What are you saying?
JACQUELINE (*relieved*): You seem pleased. Oh, I am glad!
ANDRÉ: Of course, I'm pleased. How could I help being pleased? But I can't believe it! Tell me! How did it happen? Since when?
JACQUELINE: Since last year on the fifteenth of June at precisely ten minutes past nine.
ANDRÉ: Precisely?
JACQUELINE: Where were you last year on the fifteenth of June at precisely ten minutes past nine?
ANDRÉ: I haven't the vaguest notion.
JACQUELINE: You were at the cross-roads in the Forest of Arques, sitting in a puddle of water, that's where you were!
ANDRÉ: It isn't true! And, anyway, how did you know?
JACQUELINE: I was there.
ANDRÉ: You?
JACQUELINE: In a corner under a tree. I was reading away—reading an article by Empedocles—so, of course, I was gazing into space. All of a sudden I saw you. You came riding along with the most self-satisfied, impertinent expression. How it annoyed me! I thought, "What a fool! I'd give anything to see him down there at my feet!" I moved slightly, your horse stumbled—over you went. And fell, fell at my feet just as I had wished. You lost your hat, your balance and your impertinence all together. They lay around you in ruins. When I saw your silly look of dismay, I realized that you weren't conceited at all. And you attracted me—you attracted me to such an extent that I ran away as fast as I could without helping you. Oh! Put on the expression you wore in the puddle!
ANDRÉ: But——
JACQUELINE: That's it—that's almost it!
ANDRÉ: And then what happened?
JACQUELINE: When I went home I wanted to tell my uncle all about this—but I couldn't. I tried a second time, and I couldn't. And I've never been able to tell it to anyone.
ANDRÉ: Jacqueline—my dear Jacqueline! I can't believe it!
JACQUELINE: What I've been telling you is silly, isn't it?
ANDRÉ: Oh, no!
JACQUELINE: Yes, it is. The things that happen to us are nearly always silly. But the things we feel are sacred. Believe me, André, the love I have for you is very strong, very beautiful, very deep.
ANDRÉ: What? You?
JACQUELINE: Don't look at me. If you look at me you won't understand. I'm an insignificant little creature, but my love is so much greater than I am that I have to stand on tip-toe to look up at it. It's 'way above me. It frightens me.
ANDRÉ: Oh, Jacqueline! Jacqueline! How happy you make me! Happy! I—I can't get over it. No one has ever spoken to me as you just have.
JACQUELINE: Story!
ANDRÉ: Yes—sometimes—but not like you—how can I explain? It's as if I had often been in flower shops, but now, for the first time in my life, found myself in a garden.
JACQUELINE: Oh, that's charming! I should never have thought you could say things like that!
ANDRÉ: Nor I. You've changed me—and you mustn't think that was easy to do. In spite of what anyone says, it's not true, I'm not in the least susceptible. Yet you've won me, little girl, you've won me, heart and soul! Jacqueline, I want to be your husband!
JACQUELINE: André, I want to be your wife.
ANDRÉ: It's coming off, you know, it's coming off—and very soon.
JACQUELINE: Oh, yes, very soon.
ANDRÉ: I can't say exactly when, but——
JACQUELINE: What?
ANDRÉ: Because—you see—it's this way—I'm changed, but my life isn't yet. You must give me a little time to——
JACQUELINE: To——
ANDRÉ: To get some new clothes and——
JACQUELINE: And——
ANDRÉ: And warn my friends.
JACQUELINE: What friends?
ANDRÉ: My men friends.
JACQUELINE: Not your women friends, too? Not Miss Nelly Parks?
ANDRÉ: Nelly Parks!
JACQUELINE: Ah! I heard you were often seen about with her.
ANDRÉ: That's the difficulty—she'll have no one to take her out—I must break it to her gently—it'll be a matter of great tact and several weeks.
JACQUELINE: Weeks? As long as that?
ANDRÉ: We must make the best of it! I really could not have foreseen that——
JACQUELINE: You should have foreseen.
ANDRÉ: Come, you must be reasonable with me!
JACQUELINE: Why should I be reasonable with you when I love you?
ANDRÉ: But I love you, too, Jacqueline.
JACQUELINE: Oh! You—you—I'm beginning to wonder.
ANDRÉ: What?
JACQUELINE: If you loved me you wouldn't shilly-shally. When people are in love they're brave and dashing, and intrepid and adventurous—they'll lie or steal, or plot or murder—in fact, they're splendid.
ANDRÉ: My dear little girl, you're a child, you don't understand life.

Billie Burke (Jacqueline) W. H. Crompton (the Abbé) Louise Drew (Charlotte)
SCENE IN "LOVE WATCHES" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

Jacqueline and André are married, but when in Act II she learns that he still carries on a love affair with a charming widow, who used to call him Snoodles, she determines to fly to the old bookworm, Empedocles Augarde, who at the time of her

MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER

Miss Collier, who is Mr. Gillette's new leading woman, is an English actress and has been on the stage since she was a child, having appeared with Wilson Barrett in "The Silver King." Later she was a member of the chorus at the Gaiety. Her natural intelligence soon secured more important engagements, and she played i genue parts at the Duke of York's Theatre. Her opportunity came when she was engaged by Beerbohm Tree to appear at Her Majesty's in 1901 and she has remained under the same management practically ever since, playing such rôles as Minerva in "Ulysses," Roma in "The Eternal City," Poppaea in "Nero," and Cleopatra in "Anthony and Cleopatra." She will be seen in America as the wife in Mr. Gillette's adaptation of the French play "Samson"

GERTIE MILLAR
Playing Mitzi, the leading rôle in "The Girls of Gottenberg"

marriage admitted to her in a letter that he had always nourished a hopeless passion for her. She writes, therefore, to Empedocles, "Empy, I am leaving André forever. I find that I love you, after all. I shall be with you immediately." It is an amusing scene, when, in Act III, she presents herself in the bookworm's library and declares her intention.

EMPEDOCLES (*looking at Jacqueline*): You're here, you, Jacqueline! Then it was true what you said in your letter—I can't believe it.

JACQUELINE (*quickly*): Why not? Why not?

EMPEDOCLES: That letter, that wonderful letter, that masterpiece!

JACQUELINE: I assure you I wrote it very quickly.

EMPEDOCLES: And you wrote it very quickly! Ah, you don't realize. Come! (*Showing her book-cases.*) Look! Look at all these books! There are Rollin, Martin, Gibbon, Guizot, Thiers, hundreds of volumes, read them all, all, all——

JACQUELINE: Oh, no!

EMPEDOCLES: And I defy you to discover in any of them that one little phrase, "I find that I love you, after all." None of them could have written that, poor fellows. Jacqueline, you're a great man.

JACQUELINE: No, I'm not, I'm a little woman.

EMPEDOCLES: Now explain to me, tell me, do you really mean what you wrote me?

JACQUELINE: Why, yes—why not?—of course.

EMPEDOCLES: Ah, I'm glad! Because, somehow, a moment ago I felt a little anxious. It occurred to me that you might have come here hastily in a fit of anger and, of course, in that case——

JACQUELINE: Why, Empy, what an idea! I came here calmly and coolly after many weary hours of mature meditation.

EMPEDOCLES: But what started it? What happened?

JACQUELINE: Simply that André and I cannot live together any longer; we make each other too miserable.

EMPEDOCLES: What happiness!

JACQUELINE: André is fickle, inconstant, frivolous, brilliant, fascinating—while you, Empy, are none of these.

EMPEDOCLES (*piqued*): But till—— (*Aside*) How annoying!

JACQUELINE: No, no, and that's why I love you.

EMPEDOCLES: Is it? Love is a queer thing.

JACQUELINE: Therefore I've decided, absolutely decided, to break my life off short and begin it all over again.

EMPEDOCLES: With me?

JACQUELINE: With you.

EMPEDOCLES: And my old dream of making you my wife, is it to come true?

JACQUELINE: It is. We'll have a very dull time—until I get my divorce. Perhaps I shall ask you to take me away. You may have to renounce your work and abandon your career. There is no proof of love I am not ready to give you. I am yours now, Empy, yours only forever and ever.

EMPEDOCLES: Oh, then, Jacqueline, take off your hat.

JACQUELINE: Certainly, I'll take off my hat. I've said farewell to modesty. (*Takes off hat and puts it on desk.*)

EMPEDOCLES (*gratefully*): Oh, thank you, thank you! If you only knew the joy and light you bring into this place. My very books must feel dazzled.

JACQUELINE (*looking around*): It's nice here. There's such an atmosphere of goodness.

EMPEDOCLES (*quickly*): Not as good as all that.

JACQUELINE: Yes, yes. All these faded old things you have around you look calm and restful. The very chairs and tables seem like faithful old servants who have never left the family.

EMPEDOCLES: Yes.

JACQUELINE: They're wise and reasonable. One can see they haven't been sold up or gone gadding from one house to another. I'm sure that stiff old desk has never unbent to foolish letter writing, and I'm certain this dear armchair has never been parted from its mate. Do you know, Empy—you won't be angry?

EMPEDOCLES: No.

JACQUELINE: Well, do you know, somehow, I feel as if I had come to visit my grandmother.

EMPEDOCLES (*aside*): Oh, how annoying!

JACQUELINE (*crossing to look at frame on mantel*): What's that red ribbon?

EMPEDOCLES: It's the collar of a commander of the Legion of Honor. It belonged to my uncle. (*Proudly*) He was a fearful rake.

JACQUELINE (*pointing to picture near the door*): And that lady?

EMPEDOCLES: My mother.

JACQUELINE: She *was* pretty.

EMPEDOCLES: Yes, very pretty. I'm like my father.

JACQUELINE: Never mind; you're not half bad.

EMPEDOCLES (*modestly*): Do you think so? Then, Jacqueline, take off your gloves.

JACQUELINE (*recklessly*): Certainly, I'll take off my gloves. (*Tears one off.*)

EMPEDOCLES: Oh, how kind of you. The other, too, the other.

JACQUELINE (*magnanimously*): Yes, Empy, the other, too. (*Pulls it off the wrong side out.*)

EMPEDOCLES: Oh! Jacqueline! Jacqueline!

JACQUELINE (*giving him her ungloved hands*): There they are—kiss them, kiss them. (*He kisses her hands.*) You see, I'm letting you kiss me.

EMPEDOCLES (*dubiously*): Yes.

JACQUELINE: Ah! How good it is not to belong to André any more! And I'm proving it, Empy, I'm proving that I'm yours.

EMPEDOCLES: Ye-es—as a figure of speech—still——

JACQUELINE: Still?

EMPEDOCLES: If I dared——

JACQUELINE: Dare, Empy, dare—you must dare——

EMPEDOCLES: Yes, that's it—that's it—I'll dare.

(*He puts his arm awkwardly around her waist. She slips quickly away.*)

JACQUELINE: Sir! How dare you!

EMPEDOCLES: But you told me to!

JACQUELINE (*returning towards him*): Yes, yes. Excuse me. I didn't do it on purpose. Only, I'm not used to——

EMPEDOCLES: Neither am I. But I love you so; I shall surely find a way to win you.

JACQUELINE (*relieved*): Do you think you can?

EMPEDOCLES: Rely on me. Let me take you in my arms.

JACQUELINE: That's not a bad idea. Try that.

EMPEDOCLES: And pet you and kiss you.

JACQUELINE: Yes—yes—do that—all that!

EMPEDOCLES: Oh! my darling, my darling, what bliss, what happi—— (*Tries to take her in his arms.*)

JACQUELINE: No, no—no, no—let me alone! Let me alone! (*Runs away from him.*)

EMPEDOCLES (*following her around the room*): Jacqueline! Jacqueline!

JACQUELINE: I won't! I won't!

EMPEDOCLES: Jacqueline!

JACQUELINE: Don't touch me!

(*She runs up to the top of the library ladder, Empedocles gives up in despair and sinks down on the books piled at the base of the ladder. A pause. He remains silent and sulky.*)

Byron

MABEL TALIAFERRO AND THE "POLLY OF THE CIRCUS" COMPANY LEAVING THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK

For Chicago on the mile-a-minute special. Among the other passengers are William Gillette, Frederick Thompson, Winchell Smith, Edith Taliaferro and Edward Abeles

(*From the top of the ladder Jacqueline peeks down at him, timidly.*) Empedocles——

EMPEDOCLES: What?

JACQUELINE: I've got vertigo.

EMPEDOCLES: Eh? Very well. Come down.

JACQUELINE: Oh, no, it's impossible. I'd rather stay here forever. But don't let that worry you; I've made no alteration in my plans. I'll be your wife—but as for leaving this spot, I simply couldn't.

EMPEDOCLES: Oh, no, Jacqueline, you go too far. I believe you're trying to make things hard for me.

JACQUELINE: Please, don't be angry.

EMPEDOCLES: But I love you, and you've admitted that you love me. It's a state of things—er—not common—there's nothing strange about it—in point of fact, it's quite normal. Well, then, let our behavior be normal. Come down, Jacqueline.

JACQUELINE (*meekly*): Then you'll have to help me.

EMPEDOCLES (*going up a few steps*): Here I am. Close your eyes.

JACQUELINE: Yes (*closing her eyes*), that's a good idea!

(*Empedocles takes her hand and helps her down.*) Thanks!

EMPEDOCLES: What possessed you to run away from me?

JACQUELINE: I can't explain it—I don't understand it myself. I thought it was easy to leave one's husband, but it isn't at all. I'm afraid I'm still a good wife—it's most aggravating—most aggravating—I don't understand it.

EMPEDOCLES: I understand your scruples and your delicacy. It's all most natural.

JACQUELINE: Is it, truly? You've seen it before?

EMPEDOCLES: Hundreds of times.

JACQUELINE: I'm glad; then I'm not a monster.

EMPEDOCLES: No, indeed—you're a delightful little creature—only—I see a deplorable lack of method in our proceedings. When people break up their lives it's customary for them to begin by supping. Let us start from the beginning. Let us proceed methodically. Let us sup.

JACQUELINE: That's a good idea; let us sup.

(*They seat themselves at table.*)

EMPEDOCLES: It is 8.30. At this hour other people, people who aren't in love, will be dining. But we are going to sup. It's understood that we're supping. It's only a word, but there's a gulf——

JACQUELINE: That's it; we're supping.

EMPEDOCLES: Ah! Jacqueline! Jacqueline! Some game pie?

JACQUELINE: No, thanks—I'm not hungry.

EMPEDOCLES (*disappointed*): Oh!

JACQUELINE: But I'm thirsty, frightfully thirsty. Give me some champagne, lots of champagne.

EMPEDOCLES (*serving her*): Glorious champagne!

JACQUELINE: It's a splendid dinner.

EMPEDOCLES: Supper, supper. We must always sup.

JACQUELINE: Always.

EMPEDOCLES: Even when we're in other countries.

JACQUELINE: Far away from Paris.

EMPEDOCLES: As we shall be; we'll visit all the capitals of Europe.

JACQUELINE: And see the most amusing things in them!

EMPEDOCLES: Yes, we won't miss a single museum.

JACQUELINE: Yes, all the museums. It'll be delirious. Give me some more champagne.

EMPEDOCLES: Glorious champagne! (*Rises to serve her.*)

JACQUELINE (*fanning herself*): It's warm in here.

EMPEDOCLES: Is it?

JACQUELINE: Now, talk to me! Tell me something nice, something funny.

EMPEDOCLES: Yes, yes, I love you.

JACQUELINE: No, not that. That's not funny.

EMPEDOCLES: Something funny?

JACQUELINE: Yes, stories and anecdotes about yourself.

EMPEDOCLES: Well, let me see, I was born in——

JACQUELINE: No, no, later. Tell me your first love affair.

EMPEDOCLES: Oh, yes, my first love affair.

JACQUELINE: Why, haven't you had any?

EMPEDOCLES: Ha! Yes, indeed!

JACQUELINE: Many?

EMPEDOCLES: Quantities.

JACQUELINE: And have you kept all their pictures and their letters?

EMPEDOCLES (*embarrassed*): But——

JACQUELINE (*surprised*): Why, didn't you ever receive any?

EMPEDOCLES: Of course—of course.

JACQUELINE: Then show them to me—it'll amuse me.

EMPEDOCLES: Very well—if you insist—— (*Gets box from ledge of bookcase, and sets it on table in front of her.*) This box is full. (*Opens it.*) Their relics are my past, my gay past.

JACQUELINE (*beginning to cheer up*): What a lot of letters!

EMPEDOCLES: Yes, letters—loving letters—and there's a bunch of flowers that belonged to a beautiful blonde. I met her at little Dalles, a fashionable watering place.

JACQUELINE: Where?

EMPEDOCLES: You won't have heard of it.

JACQUELINE: And this menu card?

EMPEDOCLES: A delicious luncheon with a popular actress. She afterwards married a senator, who was re-elected three times with an overwhelming majority. And this ribbon, this frivolous bit of mauve ribbon—just imagine——

Hall

ROY ATWELL AND CHORUS IN "MLLE. MISCHIEF" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

JACQUELINE (*closing box*): Enough! Enough! Be discreet! That, Empy! Who'd have thought it? Empy, I drink to your loves, as they do in comic operas. (*Laughs.*) Only please stop turning round.

EMPEDOCLES: I'm not turning.

JACQUELINE: Yes, you are, it tires me out. (*She laughs again.*)

EMPEDOCLES: She laughs too much.

JACQUELINE (*rising*): I am happy. Besides, I want to tell you something perfectly true. I'm not afraid of you any longer, Empy, dear. Dear Empy!

(*He starts to take her in his arms. At first she lets him, but just when she sees his face close to hers she has a sudden revulsion and, sober in a flush, she slaps his face sharply.*)

EMPEDOCLES (*releasing her*): Oh!

JACQUELINE: I didn't do it on purpose! It's awful! My head's going round, and yet I'm true to André! There's no hope for me. I'm lost!

EMPEDOCLES: Well, I'm exasperated.

JACQUELINE: What are you saying?

EMPEDOCLES: I'm saying—I'm saying that I've tried every means. I started by being sympathetic, I went on to kindness, I proceeded to tenderness—and always methodically, most methodically, and then you slap my face, you who——

JACQUELINE (*quarreling*): Who are you to question me——

EMPEDOCLES (*quarreling*): Jacqueline, I——

JACQUELINE: I'll act as I like, I——

EMPEDOCLES: Jacqueline, you will—— (*Together.*)

Finally convinced that she still loves her husband, Jacqueline returns home. During her absence, however, André has become suspicious, and discovers an incriminating letter. André demands an explanation:

ANDRÉ: Answer me, Jacqueline, did you, or did you not, write this letter?

JACQUELINE: Yes, but——

ANDRÉ: Then it was only a boast? You had no idea of carrying out your threat?

JACQUELINE: Yes, but——

ANDRÉ: But what? You actually went to some man?

JACQUELINE: Yes, but——

ANDRÉ: And you passed the best part of the evening with him, alone?

JACQUELINE: Yes, but—if you'd been there, you wouldn't have minded.

ANDRÉ: Indeed? Tell that tale to others.

JACQUELINE: André! André! I swear to you——

ANDRÉ: No, no, don't waste your time. I don't believe you—I don't believe you——

JACQUELINE: Oh, good heavens—now it's the other way about. No one can believe in my innocence.

ANDRÉ: Enough of this. I have but one thing more to ask you—the name of the man?

JACQUELINE: But——

ANDRÉ: Well, who was it?

(*Empedocles makes a despairing gesture, and signs her not to tell.*)

JACQUELINE: I can't tell—I promised.

EMPEDOCLES: She promised.

ANDRÉ: So you're frightened for *him*, are you? Well, you're right.

JACQUELINE: Him? I don't care a fig for him.

ANDRÉ: Then what's to keep you from telling me his name?

JACQUELINE: Nothing. There's the man. It was Empy.

ANDRÉ: Empedocles! (*Opening his arms to Jacqueline.*) My darling! I knew you were innocent.

EMPEDOCLES: Well, of all the things they've said, this is the most annoying.

ANDRÉ: I ask your pardon!

JACQUELINE: No, it was all my mistake, my fault. André, forgive me because you broke your word to me.

ANDRÉ: I can't resist you. I forgive you.

EMPEDOCLES (*piqued*): How kind he is, how wonderfully kind!

ANDRÉ (*turning on Empedocles*): As for you——

EMPEDOCLES: There's no use your being angry with me. I'll never interfere in your domestic affairs again. I've had such bad luck as a bachelor, I've made up my mind to get married and see if it won't turn——

JACQUELINE: Who to?

EMPEDOCLES: "One who deserves my love"—Charlotte.

JACQUELINE: Oh, I am glad!

(*André and Jacqueline shake hands with Empedocles to congratulate him. Enter Marquise de Juvigny with Monsieur Cartaret and the Abbé.*)

MARQUISE: Well, what's happened?

JACQUELINE: What has happened, Aunt Julia, is that I've deceived everybody but André.

MARQUISE: Little rogue!

ABBÉ: All is saved!

JACQUELINE: And always will be, because as Uncle says, "Love Watches."

(CURTAIN)

MARGARET BOURNE

Leading woman with William Faversham in "The Squaw Man" last season

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The Thief in the Drama

THIS is the day when the thief, male and female, is glorified in our drama. Exit the lady with the loose morals; enter the lady with kleptomania. The lady with a past is "passée," so to speak. The light-fingered lady has come unto her own.

From time immemorial, bards and writers have tried to idealize the thief, Robin Hood perhaps being the most shining example of romantic light-fingered gentry, but there are other lesser stars. Lytton tried hard to make us sympathize with Paul Clifford—and almost succeeded. In the play of "Men and Women," so popular some eighteen years ago, we even sympathized with the defaulting cashier, but we were not then familiar with the *heroine* thief. That was a delicious morsel reserved until later for a jaded palate!

The male thief in the drama we have always had with us—like the poor. "Raffles" appropriated his friend's little luxurious extras and meantime claimed he was a gentleman! It was a hard stretch, but some people seemed to make it. The highway robber—"road agent"—in "The Girl of the Golden West," poses for our admiration, and wins an honest, pure girl for his wife as reward for his virtues! James Corbett, ex-pugilist and present actor of melodramatic fame, is starring in "The Burglar and the Lady," winning his share of applause from the "other half"; and so on. But suddenly we sit up and take notice. Frail woman is coming into her own. Few books of late years have been more successful than "In the Bishop's Carriage." As a play it was unnatural and unappealing. The author strained the truth by making the partner and sweetheart of a thief a virtuous girl. The girl is coarse, vulgar, dishonest and ungrateful, but we are supposed to watch her gradual unfolding to all the womanly virtues, except the very common one of unselfishness, for Nance Olden does not refuse to marry the good young attorney who saved her from the penitentiary, whither she was rapidly heading, when she was so fortunate as to meet the susceptible lawyer, who ungracefully throws over a sweet young girl — not addicted to theft — for this supposingly fascinating Nance!

No protest has come from churchmen as to the immorality of this play—as when the play of "Zaza" was filling theatrical treasuries—yet it really is an immoral play (which "Zaza" is not), because "In the Bishop's Carriage" a good girl is unceremoniously and ungraciously discarded by the hero, that a vulgar thief may take her place. Throughout the play there are vulgarities that jar, and incongruities that annoy, and from beginning to end it teaches the moral that reformed vice shall have precedence over continued virtue, which is certainly a very bad idea to inculcate.

It is easy to surround the fall of a woman from the path of purity with romance, whether it was Francesca de Rimini, Heloise, or Lady Hamilton, from life; Hester in "The Scarlet Letter," Tess of the D'Urbervilles, or Katherine in "The Manxman," from fiction; but the plea for our sympathy with a thief in the drama has not been convincing.

Perhaps the most popular of this style of plays is Henry Bernstein's "The Thief," a very strong and interesting drama, but obnoxious in its moral teachings.

One cannot condone a wife who is a self-confessed thief. In the cold light that Nordau and Lombroso throw upon criminals one might even commiserate because of that undefined thread of insanity that seems to run through the warp and woof of the criminal; but in this play we are led to believe that the lady is perfectly sane and normal, merely possessed of the very natural desire to dress well at the expense of someone else! This desire is not at all incompatible with femininity; in fact, to be quite frank, the woman without it is the abnormal one.

FRITZI SCHEFF
Now appearing in "The Prima Donna," a new operetta by Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom

Now picture, if every woman possessed of the desire to dress well, should deem it advisable—not having the necessary wherewithal herself—to appropriate her neighbors' funds to her own private use, what would happen? The idea has such unlimited possibilities that one could forever follow a labyrinth of plot and never come out anywhere. If the holding of a husband's love depended upon magnificent dressing, there would be fewer, much fewer, than hold that elusive article now; and that would be saying a great deal. The possibilities of such an idea are too complicated to follow.

"The Thief" holds us as a play, but it cannot arouse sympathy for the lady with light fingers, who tries to justify herself in stealing—from a kind friend—with the idea that she will get a tighter clutch upon her husband's affections by outshining her acquaintances in dress. The bold highway robber is more moral than the way of the thief who betrays the confidence and hos-

pitality of a friend, and even places the blame on the son of her friends. It is also difficult to follow the reasoning of this thief, who, after confessing to a theft and the worldly motive that occasioned it, grows a perfect tragedy queen in her indignation against her husband's very reasonable suspicion of her virtue! According to the reasoning of this play, if a woman who is a common thief, against whom it is the part of wisdom to hide one's jewels and lock up one's pocketbook, remains true to her husband, the husband is to take her to his forgiving bosom and not mind that his reputation has been ruined, that he is forced to migrate to some foreign country; and that in his soul of souls he is to contemplate the probability of being the father of a child —or children—whose mother is a common, lying thief. And in explanation of the lapses from the normal tendencies of woman, the lady can strike a melodramatic attitude and say: "Base villain, how *dare* you accuse me of *infidelity!*" She can rant at the unjust accusation in the most scathing, indignant terms until the husband regards himself as the injuring, and not the injured party. If a woman is true to her husband and has not a lover in the uncomfortable past, or the dangerous present, she can steal *ad libitum,* and, holding her head proudly up, say: "Behold I am virtuous!" It is so in this French drama.

Marie Louise not only steals from her friends and benefactors, but repeats the theft as her necessity demands. She not only urges an innocent boy to take the blame, confess himself a thief, break his father's heart and shame and disgrace him, but she actually takes the agony of her friends so lightly that she can go to her room and tease her husband for an extra kiss or two, yawn and want to go to bed and forget the shame of the family whose money she has stolen, whose confidence and hospitality she has betrayed, and whose name she has ruined. She can marvel at her husband's grief for his friend, say "the trouble will blow over in a few months," put forth the plea that "all boys get into trouble," and forget her crimes, if she can retain her husband's love.

Marie Louise's remorse was the kind that lay dormant until detection, and was so one-sided as to grovel at the feet of her husband, asking forgiveness the while she implored him not to expose her! Her remorse did not extend to the suffering family she had wronged, until under the reproachful eyes of her husband, and hearing the broken hearted cry of the boy who assumed her guilt, she weakened and confessed. This confession comes too late for sympathy. Yet this play was the great success of last season and is still being performed, a play where a woman utterly despicable, selfish, frivolous, without gratitude, honor or truth, is made a suffering heroine, and whose husband opens his arms to her, declaring all is forgiven and a new page turned for the future! Such is the moral of this play.

The fault of "The Thief" is not in the play itself. It was constructed by a master hand. It is the ugly picture it portrays that jars. If one were sure it was true to life, one could acquiesce in its production and see another reason than that of entertainment. But is it true to life? Could a woman hold the love of a man after showing so many despicable faults? And even after the "new page" is turned, what would the companionship, or love, of such an ill-mated pair be? Could the husband ever view his wife with anything but contemptuous pity?

Give us back the woman with the past! It is better to weep with the fallen Magdalene than to watch the indignation of the pure wife who steals our jewels and household funds, that she may shine resplendent in the eyes of her husband, and keep his erstwhile roaming orbs from taking stray glances at other women less magnificently gowned.

"Leah Kleschna" seems to have been the first play of this ilk, but our dramatists have profited by the popularity of that play and hastened to fill the stage with degenerate heroines. How many more thieves will come to demand our applause it is impossible to guess. We welcome new ideas in the theatre, but plays whose teachings are calculated to undermine the morality of the nation are certainly to be deplored.

ELLA COSTILLO BENNETT.

White James Vincent Robert A. Fischer Louis Mann Emily Ann Wellman

SCENE IN THE NEW PLAY IN WHICH LOUIS MANN IS APPEARING AT THE CIRCLE THEATRE

LOUIS MANN AND EDITH BROWNING IN JULES ECKERT GOODMAN'S PLAY "THE NEW GENERATION"

Sarony

MISS BILLIE BURKE, NOW HEADING HER OWN COMPANY IN "LOVE WATCHES"

A Sunday Morning Chat with Billie Burke

(INTERVIEWS WITH PLAYERS No. 62)

'TWAS a grewsome story and grewsomeness seems to have no part in Billie Burke. Seemed to have no part, that is, until she told the story. Then one read in the width of the uplifted blue eyes, in the somber lines in the youthful face, that some time she might play the "heavy emotional rôles" of her yearning. She has the yearning. They all have. It is not enough that the sun of comedy shine. The tempests of tragedy must rage.

We had been talking of the strange letters that actresses receive, letters that show a full heart or letters that show an empty head. She had received both. But the strangest letter she had received — 'twas there we had the grewsome story.

"A package came to me from Africa," said gay Jacqueline, serious Billie now. "I opened the package, and if I hadn't been the most healthy girl in London I would have fainted at what I saw. It was my own photograph, a simple little head, seemingly cut from a picture postcard. It was darkened by smoke and stained with large drops of blood. The letter wrapped about it explained the smoke and blood. 'My dear Miss Burke,' it said. 'Pardon the intrusion of a grizzled veteran upon your youth and gayety and beauty. But that which I am sending you seems to belong to you rather than to me. I found it on the body of a young English lieutenant. He must have prized it, for it was the only keepsake we found upon him.'

"I did not remember the name of the lieutenant. I do not know that I ever met him. But he must have had affection for me or he would not have carried the picture with him."

There was a question in the eyes we think of always as brimming with fun, the question of a girl looking into the haze of a dream romance. But the eyes were the next moment downcast because they had been brought to look upon actualities. A remark from the interviewer had awakened her from the dream to the real.

Sarony

AS JACQUELINE IN "LOVE WATCHES"

"No, I do not intend to leave the stage and marry. There was a time when — I think every girl needs to have been in love to be a successful actress—I was engaged to a young man who was in line for the British peerage, but"— Billie Burke blushed and smoothed the embroidered chrysanthemum on her kimonoed knee—"that has been pushed aside.

"I think when an actress marries she should leave the stage. She cannot be happy if she is married and remains on the stage. She must care more for her art or for her husband. If they loved she would be jealous and he would be jealous. When she was being admired and adored by the folk out in front, he would be jealous. One could not expect anything else."

"Do you think a lover would be jealous of anything so impersonal as an audience?"

"Yes, indeed." This with a conviction that argued experience.

The subject of marriage, from a personal viewpoint, was dismissed with a final: "If I ever loved a man better than I love my art I should marry him and leave the stage. But I have never met such a man."

Miss Billie Burke looked like, yet unlike, Jacqueline of "Love Watches," when she came into the library from her room at eleven o'clock. There was the same abundance of live-wire like red hair. Let your fears and envious doubts be forever quieted, matinée maids. It was the same shade by day as by night. And it looked a little more rather than less. There was the same smile. There were the same dimples. But the little figure wrapped round in a gray silk kimono with facings of red silk had less of the buoyancy of the electric Jacqueline. There was an evident effort at dignity, the attempt of a little girl to be good when there is company. She is young in years as in art, and being a celebrity has still something of novelty, and being interviewed something of unaccustomedness.

Sarony

MISS BURKE IN WALKING COSTUME

But she succeeded in her endeavor to be good. She settled upon a divan between the windows. There was no need to avoid the stream of sunshine that poured in, searching for blemishes in her beauty, or a lengthening of her years. She sat with her spine straight and her feet straight out before her, the gray silk kimono wrapped primly about her.

"Pardon me for not being fully dressed," she said. "I was very tired. We had two performances yesterday." The smiles and dimples became manifest. "The house was packed, and we had such fine audiences. They were so quick. They did the playing themselves, though they didn't know it.

"I don't realize yet how fortunate I am. It seems that I have been dreaming. When I see my name in lights in front of the theatre I think, 'No. It isn't I.' I hear that I am lucky. I don't think so. It isn't luck. It is fate. I think that everything that happens was predestined.

"I love Jacqueline. I am crazy about her. I don't like anyone to criticise her."

"Do you think she was possible, let us say plausible?"

"Yes, if we remember that she is a French girl. I knew several French girls at school, and Jacqueline's antics were possible for all of them. She seemed real to me from the first. If she had been an American or an English girl, one would doubt whether she would act so candidly and exuberantly, but she was French."

"And don't you think that André would tire of her devotion after awhile?"

"No, because when the play is on, she has only been married four months. She was a child with a toy. But after awhile, as children came and grew older, I am convinced that she would be quieter, more repressed and acquire dignity."

"And would keep her husband faithful to her?"

"As faithful as a Frenchman could be."

The house where Billie Burke lives is a homey two and a half story red granite and wood structure built upon a still green terrace in one of the pretty residence nooks in Yonkers. There are mullioned windows and ruffled muslin curtains. About it hangs an air of quaintness and quiet. "It is like a cottage in St. John's Wood," I said. "I had a house in St. John's Wood. I chose one as much like it as possible," she answered.

This is the day as Miss Burke spends it in that home at 10 Delavan Terrace, an hour away from the brazen-lunged roar of Manhattan. "I am not an early riser. I can't be, you know, because by the time I have motored out from the theatre it is well after twelve o'clock. Then I have supper. I always have it here. I never go about to suppers after the theatre. I have something cold, a bird or slice of fowl, never a bottle. I disapprove of stimulants. Then it is well after one by the time I retire, and two before I fall asleep, so I am never about until half-past nine or ten in the morning. Then I take a very hot bath."

A hot bath in the morning, and with such a complexion! But Billie Burke insisted, and then she sent toppling over another advance theory of the health and beauty cult. "I use soap, too, lots of soap. Extract of green soap, and I pour it over myself and rub it with the palms of my hands or a flesh brush."

"On the face, too?"

"Yes, on the face. I don't care much for cold creams. I don't use them often, not more than every other day."

"You will when you are older." The interviewer spoke with deep conviction.

"Yes, but while I am young I see no need of it. I don't believe in massage before it is necessary, and it is not necessary till one is old—er."

The breakfast—I had a glimpse of it as she ate it from a tray that rested on her knees as she sat on the divan. It was her usual breakfast, scrambled eggs and a bit of crisp bacon, some butterless toast, with marmalade and a cup of coffee, all preceded by a glass of orange juice.

"Then I work with my music and French. I am keeping up both. I take two vocal lessons a week from an excellent teacher, his name is Stuart,—three French lessons. Why the music lessons when I am tired of musical comedy? Because there is always a chance in comedy that I might have to sing a song. It might

THURSTON HALL
Leading man with Lillian Russell in "Wildfire"

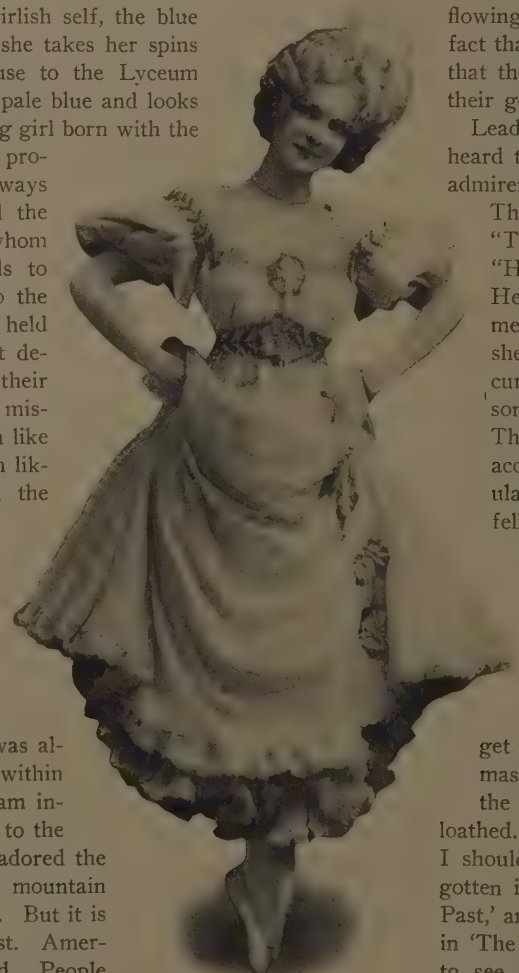
ELEANOR PENDLETON
Will be seen in support of Elsie Janis in "The Fair Co-Ed"

ARTHUR SHAW
Playing Ted Watts in "The Traveling Salesman"

help on the action of the play. When I have finished my work in music and French, I dress for a walk, and I take the walk, no matter what the weather. How long a walk depends upon how much or little time I have. If I have two hours, I use them. If only fifteen minutes, I use that time, but I take the walk. I dine early, about four o'clock, and it is time to go to the theatre. For I like to have plenty of time to dress and to get into the spirit of the performance."

It is a pretty car, as dainty as her girlish self, the blue Italia brought from England, in which she takes her spins to and from the Delavan Terrace house to the Lyceum Theatre in New York. It is lined with pale blue and looks what it is, the useful plaything of a young girl born with the gold-lined spoon of success between her prophetic gums. Her companions are always her black-frocked maid, Thurston, and the equally faithful man, Vassy, both of whom bravely took their lives in their hands to come to follow their young mistress to the grim fastnesses of Far America. They held in reserve their opinion of America. It depended upon how America treated their young mistress. America liked their mistress, and Thurston and Vassy in return like America. But theirs is repressed British liking. Billie Burke's sentiment toward the country to which she was born, and to which she returns, is one approaching rapture.

"I liked England, where I lived for twelve years," she said, "but I love America. On my long tour last year I had a chance to get acquainted with it. I didn't stay in the hotel when I visited a city. I learned all about that city I was allowed to learn. If there was a battlefield within motoring distance I went to see it. I am interested in battle grounds. I was awed to the very tip of my spine at Gettysburg. I adored the Rocky Mountains. I had never seen a mountain when I caught my first glimpse of them. But it is the people of my country I like the best. Americans are the finest people in the world. People say they are cold. I thought so when I came back first. But they are not cold. They are the most loyal of audiences. England has the reputation of being the most loyal to its favorites, but it doesn't deserve it. England talks about its loyalty but America practices it."



ADELINE GENEE
The exquisite little Danish dancer who returns to America to appear in "The Soul Kiss"

The little girl in the gray kimono, turned suddenly a grave young woman, mentioned names it would be unkind to her and to the owner of those names to repeat, and there was no unkindness in her heart, only a big, overflowing love for a country that could ignore the fact that some of its favorites were growing old, that their beauty had departed, that the fires of their genius were going out.

Leading her back upon personal ground, I heard the brief outline with which Miss Burke's admirers from "the front" are already acquainted.

The few weeks at the Pavilion in London,—

"That was papa's idea," she interpolated. "He didn't want me to go into the chorus. He dreaded the drudgery of the chorus for me." George Edwardes had seen her when she came before the Pavilion audience and curtsied and sang a German ballad and a coon song, and engaged her for "The School Girl." They gave her a tiny part, and by one of those accidents which happen in the best star-regulated companies the song, *My Little Canoe*, fell to her. Edna May sang it in this country. "But over there they didn't think it amounted to anything or they wouldn't have given it to me. But the audience liked it so well they let me keep it." She followed Edna May in "The Belle of Mayfair."

"But all the while I was ambitious to get into comedy. I was engaged for a Christmas pantomime, which I loathed. I got into the picture post-card stage, which I also loathed. One day I went to see Mr. Frohman. I should have told you that by this time I had gotten into 'Mr. George' and 'Mrs. Ponderbury's Past,' and I asked Mr. Frohman to come to see me in 'The Past.' He smiled and said, 'I don't need to see you in them. I remember you in 'The School Girl.' He seems to be intuitive in such

HAMILTON REVELLE, NOW PLAYING THE PART OF SANDOR TATRAY IN THE FISKE PRODUCTION OF "THE DEVIL"

matters. He knows without seeing what a person can do. He engaged me for 'My Wife,' and then made me a star in 'Love Watches.'"

This is Billie Burke's past. Her future? She is immeasurably ambitious. That future may hold much. She burns with girlish fervor that it shall. To become the American Réjane is the highest peak among the towering mountains of her ambition.

She has had aid, will have aid, in her ambitious climbing. There was gifted, jovial Billie Burke, her father, whose name she has taken, and is carrying further into stage annals for his honor.

"It was the great sorrow of my life to lose him just as I was beginning to do something. It was a little more than two years ago. He was always confident of my success. He encouraged me. I wanted to succeed to please him. But I have mamma left. She encourages me, too, but in a different way."

The fine looking matron, with intellectual face, who sat at a window listening to the chat, smiled.

Frank Rushworth Louise Gunning
SCENE IN PIXLEY AND LUDERS' NEW OPERETTA "MARCELLE" AT THE CASINO

"On the awful day before I make my début, especially before my début in 'Love Watches,' when I lie on the bed, unable to move, literally almost frightened to death, and want to commit suicide—yes, I do think of it until I get to the theatre—mamma has a way of managing me."

"When she says, 'I can't, I can't,' " said Mrs. Burke, who was a writer of clever short stories before marriage to the late Billie Burke became her occupation, "I say, 'Very well, then, if you think you can't, let some other girl have the chance. There are plenty of girls who would give anything for the chance you have. Let them have it.' She rises to that as a horse at a spur."

"Yes, then I am willing to go to the theatre and try," assented her daughter.

A gracious hospitality exudes from Billie Burke. Heredity explains that. She is descended from two first families of Virginia.

"I wish that people did not always hark back to Mr. Burke's boyish folly, as I call his circus experience," said the widow of one Billie Burke and the mother of the other. "The truth is that he ran away from his home in Loudon County, Virginia, because he had been devoted to his mother, and he couldn't bear to see his stepmother supplant her memory. He was thirteen and joined the circus. But nothing is ever said of his war record. He served all through the Civil War. He was also a splendid comedian. He was with K. and with Henry T. French. He took out a vaudeville act and we went to England and lived there for twelve years. But we spent several years in America. My daughter went to school at Sheepshead Bay for four years."

I wish all the matinée girls who "just adore" Billie Burke, who buy her photographs, and stand at the stage door of the Lyceum to see her, veiled, and long-coated, hurry to her automobile, who write her fond, silly letters, could have had the glimpse I had of neat white-painted closets, with gossamer-like gowns of blue and pink and white, all simply made, and on the shelves above the hats as delicate and exquisitely girlish, and below the double row of tiny boots all wrinkleless on their trees.

"Do you know how many frocks you have?" I asked, anticipating the bewildered shake of her head.

"Her maid does the worrying about that. She has to pack and unpack twenty-two private trunks when we travel." This from Billie Burke's mother.

"My gowns are a good deal alike in style. They don't vary much from year to year. I am fond of straight lines, and I think the line from the shoulder in front should be accentuated. Simplicity is the thing in dress as naturalness is in acting."

ADA PATTERSON.

(1) The ball game on the field of Newton College. (2) Scene from the ballet in "The Land of Birds." (3) The arrival of the airship armed with radium guns

Scenes in the New Spectacle at the New York Hippodrome

IN "MARTA OF THE LOWLANDS"

Photos Otto Sarony Co.

MME. BERTHA KALICH

IN "THE KREUTZER SONATA"

Mme. Kalich Deplores Low Theatrical Standards

MADAME BERTHA KALICH, who has now appeared on the English-speaking stage for three seasons, and during that time has won great artistic prominence, has heretofore not figured in the newspaper "interview." Madame Kalich, however, has valuable ideas as to the theatre and the art she has done so much to illustrate. Coming from the Jewish stage, after playing also in various tongues abroad, she has had a rare opportunity to observe varied conditions, tastes and standards. Speaking of appreciation or taste in this country, the actress said recently to a THEATRE MAGAZINE representative:

"While the great capitals of Europe invariably are centers of appreciation and set standards — though minor European cities are also alert and appreciative—I do not consider that New York, the metropolis of this country, sets standards or furnishes a criterion of taste. New York, in fact, is not typical of America as I have found it, although, of course, I have not traveled over the whole continent. In New York I have found and seen that the flippant, the superficial, and even the vulgar in the theatre find support and encouragement, while the earnest, the true, the beautiful and the more artistic—except in a few very recent instances—have little appreciation.

"On the other hand," went on Madame Kalich, "in the Western cities I have repeatedly visited — or cities somewhat remote from New York—like Pittsburg, St. Louis, Chicago, Kansas City and others—cities toward which I may be partial because they have shown me remarkable kindness and appreciation—I have found that the drama and acting are more seriously regarded, and in consequence that there is an appreciation for what is artistic and wholesome, the best both in plays and their acting. Theatregoers in these cities do not go to the play simply because it will make them laugh, or entertain them emptily. They go to study the drama while enjoying it, and to discriminate good acting from bad acting. They are both appreciative and analytical. They are spontaneous. They not only feel with the artist on the stage, but they understand the springs of action that move the artist. That has been my experience invariably—in 'Monna Vanna,' in 'Thérese Raquin,' 'Marta of the Lowlands' and in 'The Kreutzer Sonata.' I have no doubt whatever that the same appreciation and approval would have been bestowed upon 'Sappho and Phaon' had it been seen in these Western cities. I hope eventually to have a repertoire that will include that beautiful and poetic drama, and to be able to permit the West to pass judgment upon it. The West appreciates the subtlety and poetry and realism of such dramatists as Ibsen, Sudermann and Maeterlinck — in fact, of all the leading writers of Europe and America—and it at once and instinctively recognizes truth and beauty in a play. They may seem rough and ready outwardly, these people, but really they are kindly, hospitable, innately refined and they like 'thinking' plays in preference to the futile and the empty.

"In this I think these Western cities —and no doubt all similar communities outside of New York, like Boston and two or three other Eastern cities—resemble European cities generally, where art is an establishment, and its appreciation a part of the better life itself. And this similarity goes even to criticism. I have found that the

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MME. KALICH IN "MONNA VANNA"

leading critics in the Western cities I have visited are like European critics. They are, in short, true critics, not mere amusers of superficial readers, like so many in New York. The Western critics, like European critics, know the artistic from the inartistic and discriminate them. They are scholars at least to the ends they reach, for they are familiar with dramatic traditions and standards upon which comparison may be based.

"One bad feature of the theatre in this country," added Madame Kalich, "is the so-called 'star' system, which is fatal to artistic symmetry, warps public judgment and finally destroys public confidence because of the methods it employs. An American manager, if he imports an actor of note or projects one he desires to make notable, has come to depend almost wholly for publicity upon the flippant and the illegitimate. Newspaper 'stories' are sought or authorized relating to all the details of the private life of the object of the advertising — petty matters as to the routine of the day outside of the theatre or impertinent details as to other phases of life—while little dependence is placed on the main thing, the worth and work of the person so exploited. The public here has lost confidence in the legitimate side of the theatre because of this; and its serious consequences are seen in every phase of stage life. The young 'star' so projected has usually one play for a year or for several years, with no opportunity for growth, and becomes artificial and mechanical even if originally talented, while vanity is encouraged to the point of absurdity. All associated actors suffer in the same way, and management confined to such exploits has no ability or care for legitimate methods. On the European stage it is far different. On the Jewish stage, with which I was long associated, it is also different. There a manager depends upon the merit of a company, or if he imports an actor of exceptional talent, that actor must win or lose on his or her merit, in a community of theatre-goers who are educated to artistic things, and pass judgment expertly. There the prominent actor is seen in a play and applauded or criticised as the case may be; and in the course of a repertoire he or she is disclosed in a great variety of parts. In these circumstances the actor depends upon no external influence, and must stand or fall by his own art. And actors generally in such a company are always advancing in facility because of the varied demands made upon them. The Jewish public, like the European public, does not, like a flock of sheep, follow some sensational exploit to the point of personal curiosity, or guide its footsteps by the writing of some so-called critic, whose warrant is not vested in public authority, but in the exigencies of sensational newspaper demands.

Otto Sarony Co.
MME. KALICH IN "FEDORA"

"The greatest failing of a part of the American public, consequent upon the pettiness and the commonplace that so often control," said Madame Kalich in conclusion, "is its desire always to see the personality of an actor in pleasing circumstances rather than the soul of a character in dramatic stress. This has been curiously illustrated in my own experience. Last summer I spent some time in the White Mountains, studying 'Sappho and Phaon.' I used to meet, at intervals, at the hotel, charming women—most of them from Philadelphia, by the way. 'We must see you on the stage,' they would say. And so when I played in Philadelphia last season in 'Marta of the Lowlands' many of these charming women attended, sent me flowers, and came on the stage after the play to see me. Almost invariably they would say, 'Oh, Madame Kalich! Why do you play such a character as Marta?' So uncouth and vulgar a character — a peasant! You have to dress so miserably and act so clumsy, and so unlike yourself! We want to see you as you are yourself.' I answered, 'But I am portraying a peasant.' Apparently, they were typical in wishing to see a personality, not a characterization."

Mme. Kalich's rôle in the new play by Mme. Fred de Gresac is that of a fascinating, impulsive woman, who faces the conflicting interests of love and artistic ambition.

Otto Sarony Co.
MME. KALICH AS SAPPHO

Otto Sarony Co.
MME. KALICH AS MONNA VANNA

MME. LABIA
(Manhattan Opera House)

MME. TETRAZZINI
(Manhattan Opera House)

Opera Season Opens

BEAT the big drum soundly and bruise the cymbals together; call the public and cry forth the wares, for this city of a thousand nerve-rending discords stands upon the eve of the greatest musical season that ever human ear harked upon. Perhaps at the close of the season the mathematical chronicler of matters musical will point with serious mien to the list of small concert givers and declare that this species of music maker has languished and that the small recital has grown to be a forgotten art—or a lost bore. But what matters such a shrinkage, what counts such a happy loss against the enormous gains in the greater and more important fields! Let the horde of insignificant, "intimate" artists be relegated to private houses or to invitation concerts. What the public craves and cries aloud for is the thing "big and imposing" in music: two vast opera houses, concert halls filled with local and visiting orchestras, and the important recital givers at whose voice or fingers the multitudes flock, admire and applause. That is what the public wants; and that is what the public will get this winter unless all signs fail or unless all the impresarios and artists are decimated by the jealousy of the gods.

On November the ninth the Manhattan Opera House will open its doors with a performance of Puccini's "Tosca," and one week later the Metropolitan Opera House will begin its season with "Aïda." And then for twenty weeks will each opera house put its best operatic foot forward to hold the interest of the musical public taut. Never before in the musical history of this city—or, it would seem, of any other single city—have so many famous artists been assembled; never has such a list of novelties been garnered. Europe has been scoured of all great artists that could be bought or persuaded to come to us; and almost every opera of European promise has been secured for performance here at either one opera house or the other. To be truly American let us assert that what remains abroad may be good enough for Europe, but we have the best! With this boast let the cataloguing begin:

Precedence will be given the Manhattan Opera House in this list, as it begins its season ahead of its older contemporary. Oscar Hammerstein has been abroad a goodly portion of the summer and he has not allowed green operatic grass to grow beneath his restive feet; and since his return he has amused himself by building even a larger opera house in Philadelphia. But the latter is neither here nor there so far as the New York season is concerned. Let Philadelphia crow on its own account.

The list of new artists for the Manhattan is headed by Maria Labia, an Italian by birth and —if one may trust rumor—a countess into the bargain. She has been singing for several years with the Berlin Komische Oper, where she has shone as a dramatic soprano. Whatever imposing vocal charms she may unfold here, there must be added the one of great beauty. Her pictures prove that without a doubt.

Another new singer who fills the eye most satisfyingly is Mariska Aldrich, an

MARIA GAY
(Metropolitan Opera House)

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MARISKA ALDRICH
(Manhattan Opera House)

EMMY DESTINN
(Metropolitan Opera House)

MME. ALDA
(Metropolitan Opera House)

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SIGNOR ZENATELLO
(Manhattan)

GERALDINE FARRAR
(Metropolitan)

GIOVANNI POLESE
(Manhattan)

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MARY GARDEN
(Manhattan)

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SIGNOR SAMMARCO
(Manhattan)

American, Boston-born, who has studied singing both in this country and in France. She has never before sung in opera, so this will be her début. These are the important new singers; but then there's that great list of old favorites: Melba is coming for several months; Tetrazzini will again take up the position she created for herself last season; Mary Garden comes once more into her own, with some new operas added to her repertoire; Dalmores returns after having convinced Bayreuth and Vienna that he is a French tenor worth hearing in German; Zenatello comes back with the additional laurels won at Covent Garden; Renaud returns with all his barytone art at the tips of his fingers — even though, as is reported, his hair has grown snow-white; Sammarco is once more to loose the richness of his voice in the spaces of this auditorium; Gilibert, Dufranne, Périer—all names to conjure with in their respective lines, and, of course, Cléofonte Campanini will wave the baton of a great artist over them all. There are a lot more of names familiar and unfamiliar, but not so important, which lack of space forbids our enumerating.

The list of novelties chosen for production at the Manhattan is: Richard Strauss' "Salome," which was curtly banished from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House not long ago; Masenet's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame"; "Dolores"; Jan Block's "La Princesse d'Auberge"; and again Massenet's "Griselidis." Then there are "The Star of the North," "Samson et Délila"; "Manon" (Massenet), Verdi's "Otello" and "Falstaffo," the Puccini operas — "Tosca," "La Bohême" and "Madama Butterfly"; and then there are the familiar works of Verdi, the more recent successes of the French school which were so successful last season—"Pélleas et Mélisande" and "Thais," and also the time-worn works which serve to display the coloratura soprani, such as "La Sonnambula," "La Fille du Régiment"—and what not and what not!

This alone would prove a musical feast to the opera-going masses of a city like New York; but it is only half of the feast. Hear, or read, and be convinced:

The Metropolitan Opera House enters upon its season under the joint management of Gatti-Casazza and Andreas Dippel. The former is known as the artistic adviser of La Scala at Milan, and the latter is familiar because of his long years of service at the Metropolitan as a tenor of many parts. The combination should prove an artistically happy one, and even a cursory glance will persuade the reader that a vast deal of change is apparent in the policy of the house under the new régime. Novelties which were formerly as rare as auk's eggs are to be the chief feature this year. Here is the list:

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(Manhattan)

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MLLE. GERVILLE REACHE
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ANGELO PAROLA
(Manhattan)

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MME. DE PASQUALE
(Manhattan)

UGO COLOMBINI
(Manhattan)

ALBERT SPALDING
Young American violinist who makes his début with the New York Symphony Orchestra after successful appearances in Europe

D'Albert's "Tiefland," an operatic setting of the dramatic story known here as "Marta of the Lowlands," Laparra's "La Habanera," a French success; "La Wally," by Catalani; Puccini's "Le Villi," an early work unknown here; Smetana's "Die Verkaufte Braut" (The Bartered Bride); Tschaikowsky's "Pique Dame"; Goldmark's "The Cricket on the Hearth"; Humperdinck's "Die Königskinder," and F. S. Converse's "The Pipe of Desire," the latter the work of an American composer, to be sung at the Metropolitan in English. Among the revivals there are prominent "Manon" by Massenet, "Falstaffo" and "Le Nozze di Figaro." New scenery and costumes, new stage managers — in fact, the signs of the present carry with them the conviction of operatic reform.

And the list of new artists is sheerly nothing short of being a great one. It is headed by Emmy Destinn, who is famous principally in Berlin, where she has sung the chief dramatic rôles, and also at Covent Garden, where she, in certain rôles, created nothing short of a furore. Ada Alberto and Frances Alda, two Italian sopranos; Maria Gay, a Spanish contralto and a famous Carmen, and Marianne Flahaut, a French contralto. Erik Schmedes, a German tenor, lately from Vienna, where he has occupied the leading position in his genre, and Jean Noté, the French barytone from the Grand Opera; Feinhals, the noted Munich barytone for German opera, and Walter Soomer, also famous in German opera establishments: Allan Hinckley, one of the most successful German-American bassos who has earned fame in Germany; and then there are Fremstad, Sembrich, Eames, Farrar, Gadski, Caruso, Homer, Scotti, Burgstaller, Campanari and Blass.

J. I. PADEREWSKI
The distinguished Polish pianist makes another American tour this season

Arturo Toscanini is the new conductor, the name famous in all Italy and nearly all the world as a leader of exceptional force and remarkable temperament, a man of brains and generalship. Gustav Mahler returns for a portion of the season. Alfred Hertz resumes once more his wonted post as conscientious leader of German opera, and to his lot falls the presentation of the first novelty of the Metropolitan season, namely D'Albert's "Tiefland."

H. KLEIN
Giving a series of Sunday concerts at the Deutsches Theater

Important changes have been made in the Metropolitan auditorium, such as enlarging the orchestra pit so that now it can seat more than a hundred men, and also an arrangement by which the floor of this pit can be raised and lowered to meet the demands of the orchestra and its equipment.

And so the operatic world wags or will wag in New York. Why attempt to foretell results or predict consequences? Which will win? Only a fool would dare to rush in here with an answer where the angels of music critics fear to tread with carpet slippers with asbestos soles. Wait until the end of the season! And until that time settle back in your orchestra chair and proceed to enjoy the biggest season of opera that New York has ever had—that, to revert to the beginning of this article, any city ever has had. The great public will reap the benefit —and the impresarios will doubtless pay the piper, for a piper in grand opera is most essential.

EFREM ZIMBALIST
Famous Russian violinist who will be heard here this season

MAX FIEDLER
New conductor this season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

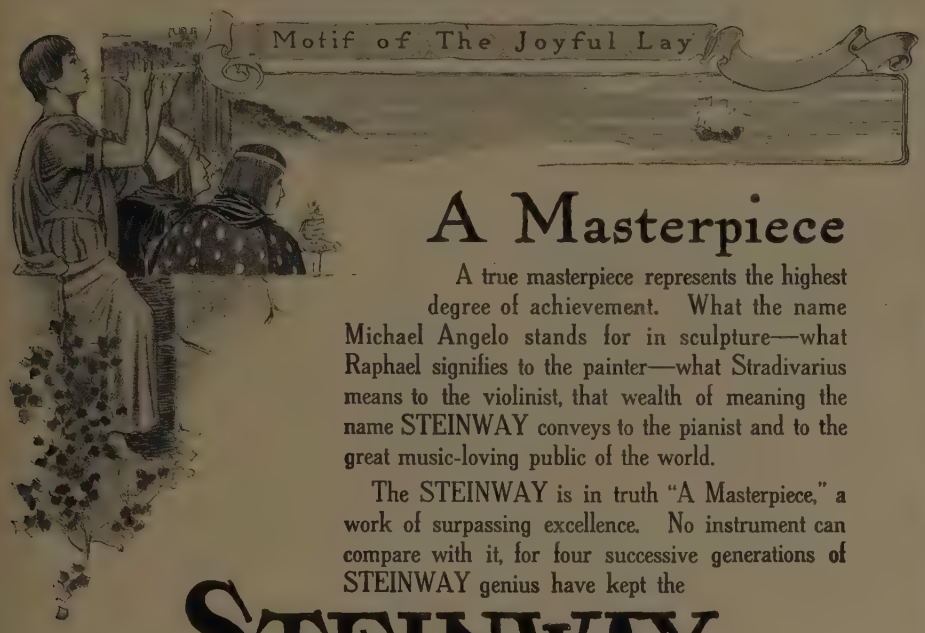
ADELA VERNE
Bavarian-English pianist who has had great success in Europe and touring America this season

And what about the orchestral concerts? The Boston Symphony is to have a new conductor, Max Fiedler, who was here several years ago and led the Philharmonic Society in a brace of concerts. He brings a stack of novelties and some enthusiasm, and he is a good routined conductor into the bargain. The Philharmonic Orchestra will again be conducted by Wasil Wassily Safonoff; and the New York Symphony Society, under the baton of Walter Damrosch, will produce novelties as well as standard classics, for it will repeat its Beethoven cycle of last season. Gustav Mahler has been invited to lead three concerts of this society, and in one of them he will bring to hearing a symphony of his own.

MME. CHAMINAD
Celebrated French co poser and pianist who making her first Am can tour

Then, for God and humanity—without any intent of irreverence, but only intending admiration —F. X. Ahrens will again conduct his series of People's Symphony concerts for wage earners and students, and the Russian Symphony Society will once more tend to spread Russian music upon this heath. The Philadelphia Orchestra will visit us and we shall hear the pianists, Paderewski and Sauer; Cecile Chaminade, famous French composer; Mischa Elman, wonderful boy violinist, and others of world-wide renown.

EMIL SAUER
Eminent Germa pianist now tou ing the Unite States



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At the Playhouse

(Continued from page 288)

amusing. He "doctors" a bowl of punch; tries to get a dangerous schemer against him drunk by apparently drinking with him, but throwing his own punch back into the bowl after diverting the attention of this person, who also exercises the same tactics toward him. Mr. Lawrence Wheat and Miss Elsa Ryan distinguish themselves as young lovers. One particular dance and song of theirs together was after the manner of the Merry Widow waltzes, which threaten to become a part of comic opera henceforth. Mr. Wheat swam into some public favor last season with a George Ade comedy, and he has now developed into something that dances with surprising lightness and sings with a buoyant swing. He is most engaging.

From the masculine point of view, of course, Miss Elsa Ryan is still more pleasing. She has the innocent iniquity of youth. She, too, impresses you as fresh from the school. She is no longer under the regulations of the seminary. Those two young people can dance. They eddy around in a high gale of amativeness, and are blown off the stage with a gust of applause only to be swirled back again. They are at the right age for dancing. In a song with chorus, Mr. Wheat brings cheering intelligence from Kalamazoo. There have been people from that town who, when traveling away from it, registered from some other city; but Mr. Wheat registers, large and bold, from Kalamazoo. There are many melodious numbers in the opera, and after the rather late appearance of Miss Louise Gunning, she kept the audience in a state of eagerness to applaud her rich voice and artistic execution.

LYRIC. "MLLE. MISCHIEF." Operetta in three acts, book by Kraatz & Von Sterk; music by E. M. Ziehrer. Produced Sept. 28 with this cast:

Andre Claire, Robert Dempster; Susanne, Josie Intropodi; Meline, Alexander Clark; Mrs. Meline, Ada Henry; Freddy Meline, Roy Atwell; Col. Romber, Robert Broderick; Lucie, his wife, Jean Newcombe; Lieut. Berner, W. T. Carleton; Gaston, cadet, Oliver Follansbee; Sergeant Dubaer, Frank Farrington; Paul, art student, Wm. Arnold; Victor, J. Ryder Glyn; Policeman, Mark Harrison; Charlotte, Ethel Intropodi; Lola, Elizabeth Brice; Mimi, Gertrude Darrell; Rosette, Lulu Glaser.

Somewhat unfortunate in her vehicular mediums for the last two seasons, Miss Lulu Glaser has at length come into her own. The Lyric houses her in a very positive success, and judging from the size of the audiences which nightly attest their appreciation of her entertaining efforts, every evidence is given that "Mlle. Mischief" is in for a long and lucrative run. Miss Glaser is temperamental. There are times when even her natural spontaneity seems forced. But it is really not so. It is a genuine excess of original spirit. It is a good-natured enthusiasm, too, and never fails to awaken a responsiveness in front. It is not necessary to enter into the plot of this musical comedy in detail; suffice it to say that Rosette cnters into a wager that, disguised as a man, she will be able to remain for twenty-four hours undiscovered in the military barracks at Fremstadt. That such an escapade should be fraught with ticklish complications goes without saying; that they are equally amusing is only aphoristic. Miss Glaser is admirably artistic. It is seldom she steps out of the picture. Her entire impersonation is stamped with graceful restraint and yet pervasive and persuasive fun. Robert Dempster is a good-looking artist, who eventually wins the hand of the winsome Rosette, and Alexander Clark in his droll, quaint style gives a new turn to that stock creation the amorous old gentleman always seeking for fresh conquests. It is an excellent all around company which supports the star, including: Josie Intropodi, W. F. Carleton, Ada Henry, and Gertrude Darrell. The stage settings and costumes are all that they should be, while E. M. Ziehrer has composed a score of musicianly quality and popular character. "Mlle. Mischief" is a good show.

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WALLACK'S. "MY WIFE'S FAMILY." Comedy in three acts by George Egerton. Produced Oct. 6 with this cast:

Roderick Hay, Edwin Arden; Major Patrick Sarsfield Desmond, Arnold Daly; Bryan Desmond, William Harrigan; Captain Vesey Perry, Eugene Ormonde; Corporal O'Carroll, Edward Harrigan; Margaret Ellen, Doris Keane; Trixie Knox, Janet Beecher; Bridget Casey, Mathilde Deshon.

Situations in this play are not at hand. The author is content to tell a simple little domestic story in which the foibles, weaknesses, vagaries and attractions of a debilitated Irish family are sketched with genuine human insight. It is not undue praise to describe "the principal rôle as al-

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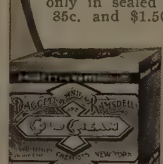

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most worthy of the pen of Thackeray." Perhaps Captain Costigan did serve as a hint. Major Patrick Sarsfield Desmond is one of those irresponsible but lovable personalities whose prototypes are not limited to the leaves of fiction. His extravagance has caused him to be sold out, and the entire family comes to London to live on and off of the husband of one of his daughters, a stolid Englishman of moderate means. The latter has been endeavoring to inculcate into his wife's mind the idea of practical economy. The advent of the spendthrift leads to some comical and pathetic inconveniences, but a fortunate legacy comes to the rescue of all concerned, and the dear old major is slated for another plunge into the seas of luxurious extravagance.

It is a very creditable sketch which Mr. Daly gives of the major. Physically a trifle light for the rôle, the actor manages to convey over the footlights the spirit of charm so consonant with the character. While not always sustained in its detail it is nevertheless an impersonation which displays more than agreeably the finish and versatility of Mr. Daly's art. The real histrionic honors are borne off by the veteran, Edward Harrigan as Corporal O'Carroll, one of those delightful body servants, always equal to any emergency. Edwin Arden plays with sincerity the bewildered husband, and Doris Keane enacts the wife. She is a charming picture to look at.

NEW YORK. "The American Idea." Musical play in three acts by George M. Cohan. Produced Oct. 5 with this cast:

Pierre Souchet, Geo. Beban; Stephen Hustleford, Robert L. Dailey; Daniel Sullivan, Walter Le Roy; Herman Budmeyer, Gilbert Gregory; the Mysterious Man, Hugh Mack; Henry Budmeyer, Richard Taber; Charlie Sullivan, Harold Forbes; Mrs. William Waxtapper, Trixie Friganza; Edythe Yellowback, Stella Hammerstein; Catherine Budmeyer, Carrie Bowman; Nellie Sullivan, Lola Merrill; the Mysterious Girl, Edith MacBride; Vera, Rosie Green; Violette, Gertie Vanderbilt.

"The American Idea" is one of those breathless entertainments which are supposed to soothe the breast of the "tired business man." To the average normal observer, it would seem that such a supposition is erroneous. This or any George Cohan "show" is about as restful as a walk up and down Broadway on a Fourth of July holiday, or New Year's Eve. But we mean no disparagement to Mr. Cohan, or to his work, in making this comparison. While "The American Idea" would not measure up to much by the Pinero or the Augustus Thomas standard, yet from the George Cohan viewpoint it is a howling, biff-bang success. And Mr. Cohan has every right to set up his own standard, as a theatrical purveyor. He is young, he is exuberant, he is American, he is Manhattanese. He has learnt his stage and his audience in the invaluable school of personal performance—indeed, his dancing and his touch-and-go comedy, if not his singing, are distinctly missed in the present piece. He has a light, satirical touch, and a very pretty lyric gift, both in fitting rhymes to catchy tunes, and in the selection of the tunes themselves. Such numbers as "Sullivan," "Pet Names," and "American Ragtime" would carry a much worse music-farce than "The American Idea," and deserve the permanent place which undoubtedly they will win in the popular repertory. In short, Mr. Cohan's latest production, like most of his others, is effective in its unity—all its parts pull together, and sum up success. In sending "The American Idea" over the footlights, Trixie Friganza helps with her sympathetic singing and refined burlesque, and George Beban once more gets away with his incredible stage Frenchman. Robert L. Dailey, a brother of the late joyous "Pete," makes himself welcome as a singing light comedian.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
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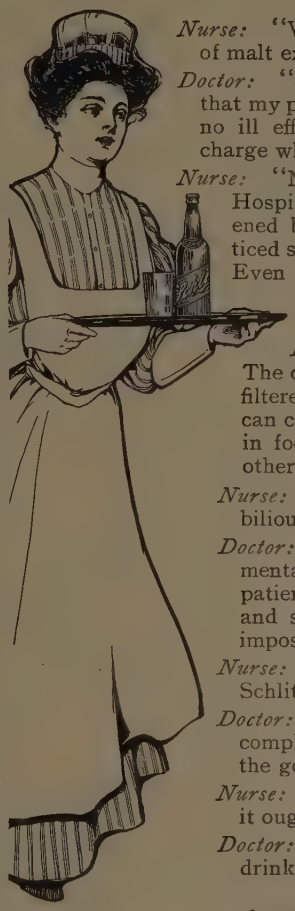
GARRICK. "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse." One-act play by George Ade. Produced Oct. 6 with this cast:

Susan Jackson Peckham, May Irwin; Horace Peckham, DeWitt C. Jennings; Thomas Barrett, Frank Connor; Mrs. Barrett, Mary K. Taylor; Henry, W. H. Gilmore; the Expressman, Dudley Digges.

May Irwin is the very antithesis of a Mollusc, so that a taste of her is appetizing before approaching the delightful comedy by Henry Hubert Davies. She has the soul of laughter in her, and that wisdom which comes from a close, good-natured observation of the follies of mankind. One would say offhand that the simulation of drunkenness in a woman was impossible of acceptance on the modern stage. Not so when May Irwin does it. The central idea in the bit of humor is not the drunkenness at all, but the comicality of an entirely innocent first experience in the circumstances. The whole intent and result of the little one-act play, and of the performance, make inoffensive foolery. Unless one's prohibition sentiment extends to the very name of whisky, he soon finds himself yielding to the in-

Why the Doctor Gives His Patients Schlitz Beer



Nurse: "Why is it, Doctor, that you use Beer instead of malt extract?"

Doctor: "Schlitz Beer, Nurse. Because I have found that my patients assimilate it better and that there are no ill effects. Have you found anyone under your charge who did not benefit from it?"

Nurse: "No, Doctor. While some patients at the Hospital where I was before were sickened by malt extract, I hav never noticed such result from Schlitz Beer here. Even those just recovering from an operation retain Schlitz Beer. Often it is the only food they can take."

Doctor: "It is the best nourishment. The care given its brewing, even to cooling it in filtered air, makes Schlitz Beer so pure that no harm can come from it. Schlitz Beer, too, has a richness in food value, greater than I have found in any other beer, due to the barley, hops and yeast used."

Nurse: "Why is it, Doctor, Schlitz never causes biliousness?"

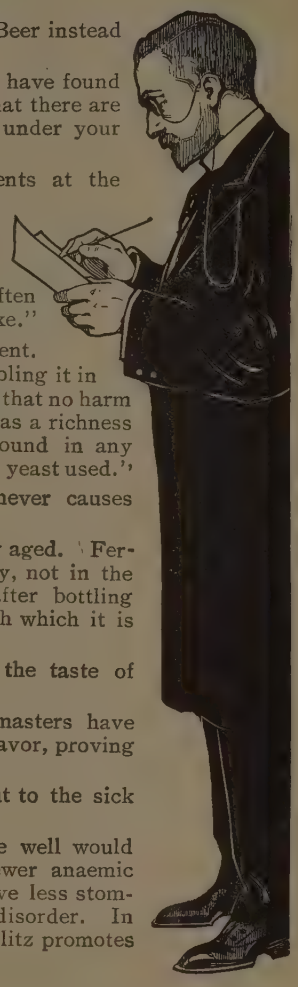
Doctor: "Because Schlitz is thoroughly aged. Fermentation is completed at the brewery, not in the patient's stomach. The final step after bottling and sealing is the sterilization through which it is impossible for any germ to exist."

Nurse: "My patients seem to enjoy the taste of Schlitz."

Doctor: "Yes. Even old world brewmasters have complimented Schlitz on its full rich flavor, proving the goodness of all the materials."

Nurse: "If Schlitz beer is such a benefit to the sick it ought to be good for the well."

Doctor: "It is. And if those who are well would drink more of it we would have fewer anaemic patients. We would have less stomach trouble and nerve disorder. In every way the use of Schlitz promotes health."



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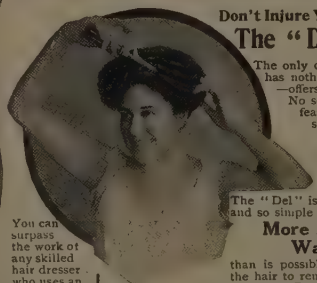

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than is possible with any old-fashioned curling iron, and causes the hair to remain in curl for several days longer.

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Try the "Del" Five Days at Our Expense Then, if you are willing to part with it, send it back—we'll pay express both ways—and cheerfully refund your money. Price of the "Del" is $3.75, express prepaid. Send to us if your local dealer or electric station cannot supply you.

The "Del" makes a delightful **CHRISTMAS PRESENT** for any lady—the $10.00 style—silver mounted with filagree handle in beautiful leather case is particularly attractive.

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Beginning with the issue of

January, 1909

we shall publish a special edition of our front covers in colors, especially printed and without any lettering. **These will only be sold by subscription and the number limited** to **500 copies. Subscription price for 12 covers $10.00,** payable in advance.

These pictures are suitable for framing and will beautifully decorate any room.

toxication of laughter. Mrs. Susan Jackson Peckham is a reformer, wages war on liquor, presides at meetings and delivers addresses. She arrives at the law office of her husband and reads to him a part of an address which she has prepared denouncing the demon Rum. He has heard her coming and has hastily concealed in a closet a choice bottle of whisky, which he had just received from a friend in Kentucky. The reading of the address by the wife, and the applause given to it by the husband, make for drollery. She leaves, and the husband goes out for a glass of water to wash down a drink. She catches him entering. The explanation which he has to make about the water is comical. It subsequently happens that Mrs. Peckham is caught in the office alone with the husband of a fiercely jealous wife. Mrs. Peckham was lecturing him after catching him with the whisky bottle opened. The jealous wife threatens a suit for divorce, implicating Mrs. Peckham, who promptly faints. She is revived by the impromptu administration of two stiff drinks. What ensues is delicately humorous. Played by some other actress it might not be so.

DALY'S. "MYSELF—BETTINA." Play in four acts by Rachel Crothers. Produced Oct. 5 with this cast:

John Marshall, Julian L'Estrange; Lennox Marshall, Eric Maturin; Charlie Hope, Grant Mitchell; Ben, Thomas J. Kelly; Christine Marshall, Gertrude Berkeley; Annabelle Greenleaf, Susanne Perry; Abbie, Lois Frances Clark; Mamie Dean, Viola Fortescue; Bettina Dean, Maxine Elliott.

"Myself—Bettina" misses its mark. The design of the play is obscure, perhaps because of faulty technical management. Bettina, having lived for a year or two in the atmosphere of artists, while training her voice for operatic singing, returns to a household of Puritans. She shocks them by her freedom of thought, by her dress, and finally by dancing the Salome dance in a tinselled but not indecorous costume at a rehearsal for a performance for charity. She is much lectured by a manly clergyman of this household, who finally falls in love with her as she does with him. In the meanwhile she discovers that her sister has held improper relations with the younger brother of the clergyman and has experienced that insurrection or revolution of the heart which supplies the artist with the emotion required for great success. Her younger sister is also a singer, and when Bettina discovers in her voice that note of passion which is lacking in her own she urges that the sister be sent in her place to the conservatory to gain those triumphs of which she feels incapable. This is agreed upon, and Bettina remains to discover emotion in married life with the clergyman. What else can this mean but the attempted demonstration of a vicious theory which has got abroad among artistic people, actresses and singers? Much was done to give the New England atmosphere. There was overmuch business in this direction, for, after all, the locality and the primness of the incidental characters in the play were not of the essence of the action. The scene of rehearsals had some comedy in it, but the action of the play itself was too indefinite to be interesting. The love affair of Bettina was not convincing. It mattered nothing. The play itself really concerned the younger sister much more than it did Bettina, and the conclusion of the play was conclusive of nothing.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
For the Home and Office.

BROADWAY. "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY." Comic opera in three acts. Libretto by Harry B. Smith. Music by Reginald de Koven. Produced Oct. 12 with this cast:

Bertha, Lenora Novasio; Olga, Marion Woods; Count Androssy, Charles Purcell; Petoffy, Louis Casavant; Baron von Affenkoff, Louis Harrison; Ilma Walden, Grace Van Studdiford; Franz, Walter Percival; Wanda, Alice Hills; Hanska, W. J. McCarthy; Tina Korbay, Gene Luneska; Call Boy "To-To," Charles W. Butler; Head Usher, A. Hanschman; Stage Carpenter, Walter Jenkins; Prince Sergius Orloffsky, Louis Casavant; Lazlov, Charles Purcell; his wife, Gladys Coleman.

The penalty which an author pays for doing anything particularly well is that all his later efforts are inevitably measured by his first success. Years ago Reginald de Koven with his "Robin Hood" set a standard for refined operetta, which he has never succeeded in living up to since. Other pieces he has given us in plenty, but he has never duplicated the originality, freshness and charm of that earlier work. Certainly "The Golden Butterfly" will add nothing to his reputation. With no pretence to the classic in form, it lacks tunefulness and the ensembles, by the exaggerated use of brass instrumentation, are noisy rather than sonorous. Apart from the rather graceful "Butterfly" song in Act II, there is little that lingers pleasantly in the ear. Mr. Smith's book has greater merit, containing more plot than most operettas can boast of. The story is based on the theft of an opera by an ambitious manager, a part admirably played in the Sam Bernard manner by Louis Harrison, and the struggles of

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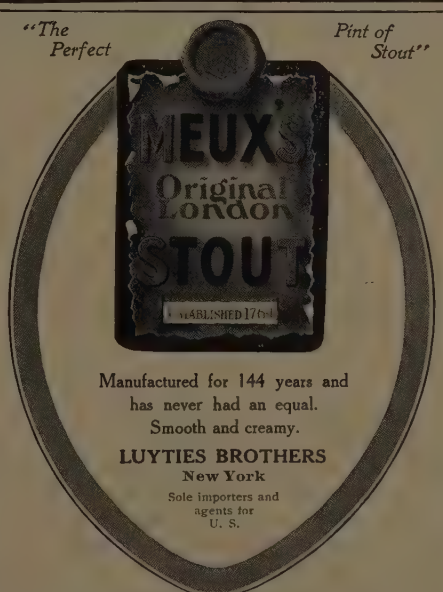

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two rival prima donnas to sing the title rôle, parts taken respectively by the star, Miss Grace Van Studdiford and Miss Gene Luneska, a pretty woman with a fresh young voice, who sings and acts exceedingly well. Miss Studdiford has an excellent singing voice and made the most of her opportunities. Walter Percival did well as the poor student.

HUDSON. "PIERRE OF THE PLAINS." Dramatization in four acts by Edgar Selwyn. Produced Oct. 12 with this cast:

Matt Brady, Scott Siggins; Oowankatchie, George Schaeffer; Miomi, Grace Cleveland; Jap Durkin, Paul Dickey; Val Galbraith, Richard Sterling; Jen Galbraith, Elsie Ferguson; Father Coraine, Joseph Adelman; Peter Galbraith, Harrison Armstrong; Pierre of the Plains, Edgar Selwyn; Sergeant Tom Redding, Clifford Stork; Inspector Whitby, Walter Craven; Corporal Tom Kearney, Fred Turner; Callahan, Edward Sherman.

In Mr. Edgar Selwyn's "Pierre of the Plains," dramatized from Sir Gilbert Parker's novel, we have what we are inclined, without reservation, to designate the supreme art of the stage from the point of view of the actor and stage manager. It is characteristic of this kind of work. Many of its scenes are thrilling, but they develop an action which is content with adventure, and which does not supply the characteristics of a true play. The parts are greater than the whole. It is theatrical, with a certain fidelity to life and character, extremely interesting in its exciting moments, but absolutely uninteresting as a play. It is at once a triumph and a failure. We are asked to become interested in a rather trifling habitant, so unattractive, so shiftless and so undesirable that the girl whom he loves tells him that she would not marry him if he were the last man on earth, and she does so in the most contemptuous terms. The audience does become reconciled to him as a character study and witnesses in him traits of tenderness and self-effacement, but it is plain from the beginning that nothing can bring him his heart's desire. The girl is in love with an uninteresting sergeant of the mounted force. This girl's brother is being pursued by this force because he has killed an Indian. When the lover of the girl arrives in pursuit her father and Pierre plan to detain the sergeant over night in order to give the fugitive time to escape across the border. They conceal the plight of the boy from his sister. The father had been using laudanum drops in a cup to assuage the pain of an aching tooth. The plan was to put some of this laudanum in the coffee which the sergeant would be asked to drink. The father's nerve fails him, but the sergeant does pour his coffee into the cup containing the laudanum and falls into a stupor. The girl discovers his condition; knowing that he would be disgraced if he did not deliver a certain report to the commandant at the post, she takes it from his pocket, rides away in the night time and delivers it. Her grief strikes a real note of pathos when she discovers upon her return that she had sealed the fate of her brother. We then have a series of escapes and fights to no other purpose than that of theatrical situation. Mr. Selwyn is a young man who is not to be disregarded either as an actor or a playwright. As an actor he is natural and effective. Miss Elsie Ferguson in her relations as the daughter and the sister, and as the object of the love of two men, had to portray many moods, from the simplicity of humble life to the heroism prompted by love, repentance for her act and a final growth of kindliness toward the rejected habitant. The roadhouse owner, as played by Mr. Harrison Armstrong, was a striking and true figure. Mr. Paul Dickey distinguished himself in his final act in life in dying with tremendous energies, literally inches by inches, as he tumbles headlong down the slope.

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HIPPODROME. "SPORTING DAYS."

After witnessing an exciting baseball game on a crowded college field, marvelous antics of circus acrobats, a thrilling boat-race and horse-race, the astonished and delighted spectator is whirled to the more restful retreat of feathered songsters. Then forward fifty years hence to the crash of battle in the skies, the strife of war being followed by the more peaceful spectacle of the entire Hippodrome company celebrating their triumph in a superb final tableau. The Bird Ballet, with a dainty little plot, follows. For gorgeousness of costume and beautiful combination of rich colors, arising from the figures executed by the dancers, this act for sheer beauty has rarely been equaled as a stage spectacle. The last scene, "The Golden Garden," is a splendid pageant, the most striking feature being a tableau where the gowns worn by the chorus form the American flag, which, when illuminated, appears to be waving. Shubert and Anderson have certainly gone one better in their already lengthy list of wonderful Hippodrome shows.

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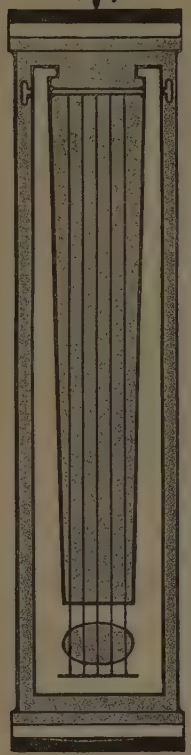

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Gentlemen—It seems to me superfluous to give you in writing my appreciation of your instruments. Practically you do not need it. I have been playing the Weber for seven months in this country and this fact alone proves more than anything which could be said or written. Whatever "disinterested" detractors may object to, had I not found in your pianos a perfect medium for my art I would have never played them in public.

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For the first time I do not feel tired of piano-playing after a long concert tour. I gave during the season ninety-three performances and my fingers are not sore, my arms are not aching, my nerves and muscles are as strong and fresh as on the day of my arrival. This is entirely due to the supreme qualities of your instruments: positive perfection of mechanism, exceptionally easy production of tone, its beautiful singing quality, and, in spite of it, its marvelous clearness.

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Give me what I ask for. "I want what I want when I want it." NO SUBSTITUTE

Furs, Frocks and Footwear.

Fashions Fore-and-aft the Footlights by Mademoiselle Thespis

AN Englishwoman who paid New York a visit last winter was most impressed by our wealth of luxuries and poverty of necessities. Furs fit for an empress, but no one to black our boots!

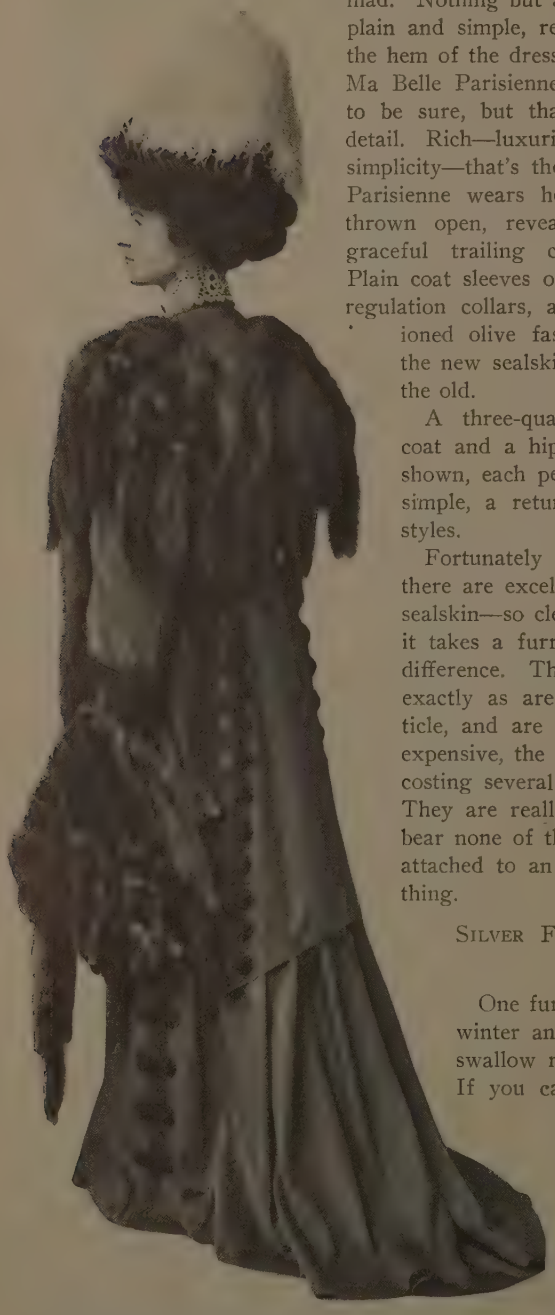
And doubtless she was right. Certainly Fifth Avenue any day from September to late spring sports furs with goodly kingdom. Just now the furriers are showing garments and skins to tempt any but a miseress of the most dyed-in-the-wool variety. Last year the necessity or the fad for economizing came upon us, and we gave up a few automobiles—and diamonds—and furs. This season wary dealers are making temptation so subtle and insidious that even the most shockingly poor millionaire will purchase.

The Sealskin Sacque of Other Days Is Back in Fashion

Welcome back to favor our old friend sealskin. There was a time when the sealskin sacque was the insignia of opulence in many social circles. And its quite likely to be again. Paris is sealskin mad. Nothing but a sealskin sacque, plain and simple, reaching almost to the hem of the dress, will answer for Ma Belle Parisienne. Warm? Yes, to be sure, but that's an incidental detail. Rich—luxurious—extravagant simplicity—that's the real point. La Parisienne wears her royal sealskin thrown open, revealing the simple, graceful trailing costume beneath. Plain coat sleeves of full length, the regulation collars, and the old-fashioned olive fasteners, all mark the new sealskin as a revival of the old.

A three-quarter length seal coat and a hip length are also shown, each perfectly plain and simple, a return to old sacque styles.

Fortunately for most folks there are excellent imitations of sealskin—so clever, in fact, that it takes a furrier to detect the difference. These are made up exactly as are the genuine article, and are by no means inexpensive, the full-length article costing several hundred dollars. They are really handsome, and bear none of the stigma usually attached to an "imitation" anything.



CAREFULLY MATCHED SABLES INTERLACED IN THIS COLLAR AND MUFF SET FROM GUNTHERS

Silver Fox at $6,000 a Skin

One fur does not make a winter any more than one swallow makes a summer. If you can afford a long sealskin mantle, you must have a set of silver fox. This is the fur of the moment — displacing even royal sable for the nonce; and why not, since fine specimens are almost as rare and quite as extravagantly priced?

These skins, like the sable, are judged by the depth of color only in the fox, and that color is black. Most folks take it that the presence of the white hairs is the index of quality—not so. The choicest of the silver fox—those that cost $3,000 to $6,000 per skin, are deeply, darkly, beautifully black, with scarcely a white hair showing. There are very good pointed fox skins showing from $75 up. Imitations of the genuine pointing, the white hairs very skilfully knotted in by clever French fingers, are worthy of place in fine wardrobes, and are by no means cheap.

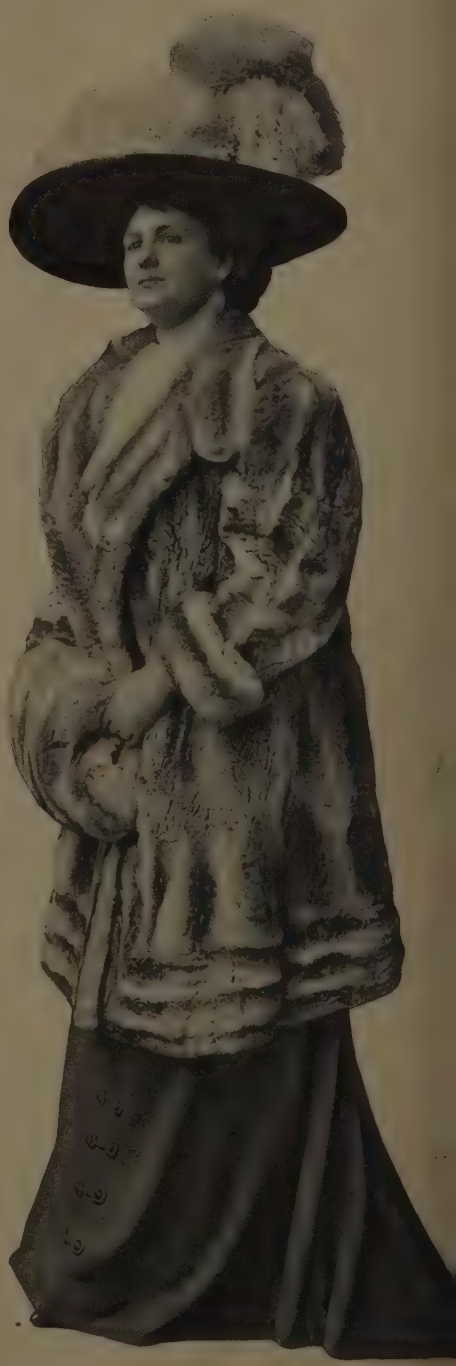
A Season of Foxes

Then there is the rare blue fox, which, truth to tell, is a trying fur to any but the faultless complexion; so unless we have thousands to invest in a muff and boa, we may pass the blue fox by with this consolation.

White fox will be much worn, especially by débutantes—great snowy scarfs of it and big tailed muffs. One stunning set seen in a Fifth Avenue furrier's consists of a sort of sleeveless bolero, square and loose, and the usual big rug muff. White fox is wonderfully effective on a certain type of woman. In the Garden "Devil," Dorothy Dorr makes effective use of a glorious white fur set—the muff in itself enough to dress up an entire part.

Ordinary fox sets even are rich and luxurious looking this year. The near relative of the fox—black lynx—is easily the popular fur of the season, and is really most effective.

Ermine has apparently returned to its original occupation of decorating kingly robes, since one sees very little of it in use this year. It will be somewhat used for evening, and as a trimming on light evening wraps—but even in this latter use it is



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The American Perfume

Every cent of its cost goes into its quality. Dorothy Vernon has a distinctive charm—a rare fragrance that is unusual in perfume.

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So you can judge for yourself the merits of this exquisite perfume, we will send you a specimen bottle to try, together with an **Atomizer Free!** The atomizer is perfect, yet simple and compact. It gives you the full effect from your perfume—a uniform spray.

The specimen bottle, together with the atomizer, is free. All that we ask is that you send us ten cents to pay carriage charges and packing and tell us your dealer's name and address. It is imperative that the dealer's name be mentioned, unless it is the atomizer cannot be sent.

Fill out the coupon and send today.

THE JENNINGS CO., Perfumers,
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The "ANNA HELD"

Queen of Fitted Petticoats

The charm of The "Anna Held" Fitted Petticoat is so much a matter of ingenious construction, that to adequately describe it is well-nigh impossible. We can give you the bare facts:—that it clings closely to the form from the waist over the hips and down to the deep flounce without a wrinkle, yet *positively never binds.* All leading Department Stores in the United States sell The "Anna Held" because it meets the present Fashion demands more perfectly than any other garment in existence. See it and try one on at the first opportunity.

Best quality silk taffeta, black and colors. Cut circular, fastens at the back with glove snaps, has deep flounce fashioned in various styles. Prices, $5.00, $7.50 to $10.00 everywhere. Or we will send you one direct.

Write for Free Booklet telling all about The "Anna Held" entitled "A Peep in the Boudoir."

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¶ The theatregoer will find this new **Printzess** Cape just the thing for evening wear.

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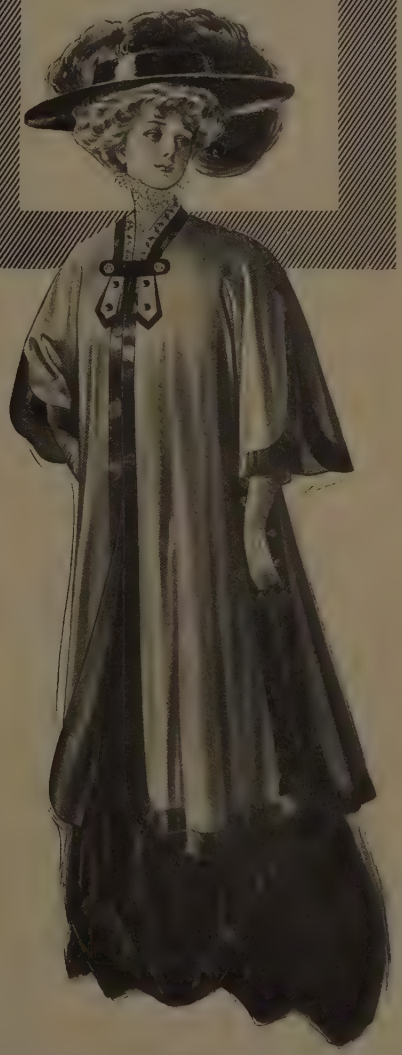

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For over 30 years Espey's Fragrant Cream has been known as the most effective toilet accessory ever prepared ***to prevent or heal Chapped Hands or Lips and any irritation or roughness of the Skin.***

Always pleasant to use—leaves the skin soft, white and smooth.

Never sticky or greasy—gloves can be worn at once after using.

Proves excellent as a face lotion for gentlemen after shaving.

—All Dealers 25c—

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Ganesh Preparations are Absolutely Pure, Most Hygienic and Beneficial, are recommended by the Medical Profession and used by Royalty all over the World.

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Ganesh Eastern Muscle Developing Oil, $5, $2.50, $1. This Marvelous Oil is Mrs. Adair's original preparation; it removes lines, fills out hollows, obliterates lines on eyelids, making them white and firm.

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Ganesh Balm Cream, $3, $1.50, 75c., can be used for the most sensitive skin, unequalled as a face cleanser and a skin food.

Patent Ganesh Chin Strap is made of specially prepared elastic, the secret of which is known only to Mrs. Adair. It is soft, pliable, and light, holding the face in position during the long hours of sleep, it removes a double chin, restores lost contour, takes away the line from nose to chin, **$5. Double Straps,** to prevent snoring, **$6.50.**

THE BEAUTY BOX

Fitted with compartments; contains the following six Ganesh Preparations Specially Prepared for home use; also invaluable to the Traveler: Eastern Muscle Oil, Diable Skin Tonic, Lily Sulphur Lotion (removes and prevents sunburn, redness and freckles, whitens the skin, is most cooling. Eastern Balm Cream, Beauty Sachets (for use instead of soap, prevents oily skin), Bandelettes, remove tired lined appearance of the eyes). Price Complete **$5.00.**

Hygienic Face Massage and Electrical Face Treatments (Vibro Treatment included) at Mrs. Adair's Rooms, cost $2.50 (course of 6 treatments $12). Treatments can be had at all times and at residence, if required. Ladies only are received.

Mrs. Adair invites consultation and correspondence on all questions of Beauty, Health and Hygiene, all being answered without charge. (Price List Booklet which is FREE contains full list of preparations, appliances and treatments. Write for it.) Mail orders have prompt attention. Full directions for Home Treatment.

You cannot keep posted in theatrical matters unless you read the Theatre Magazine

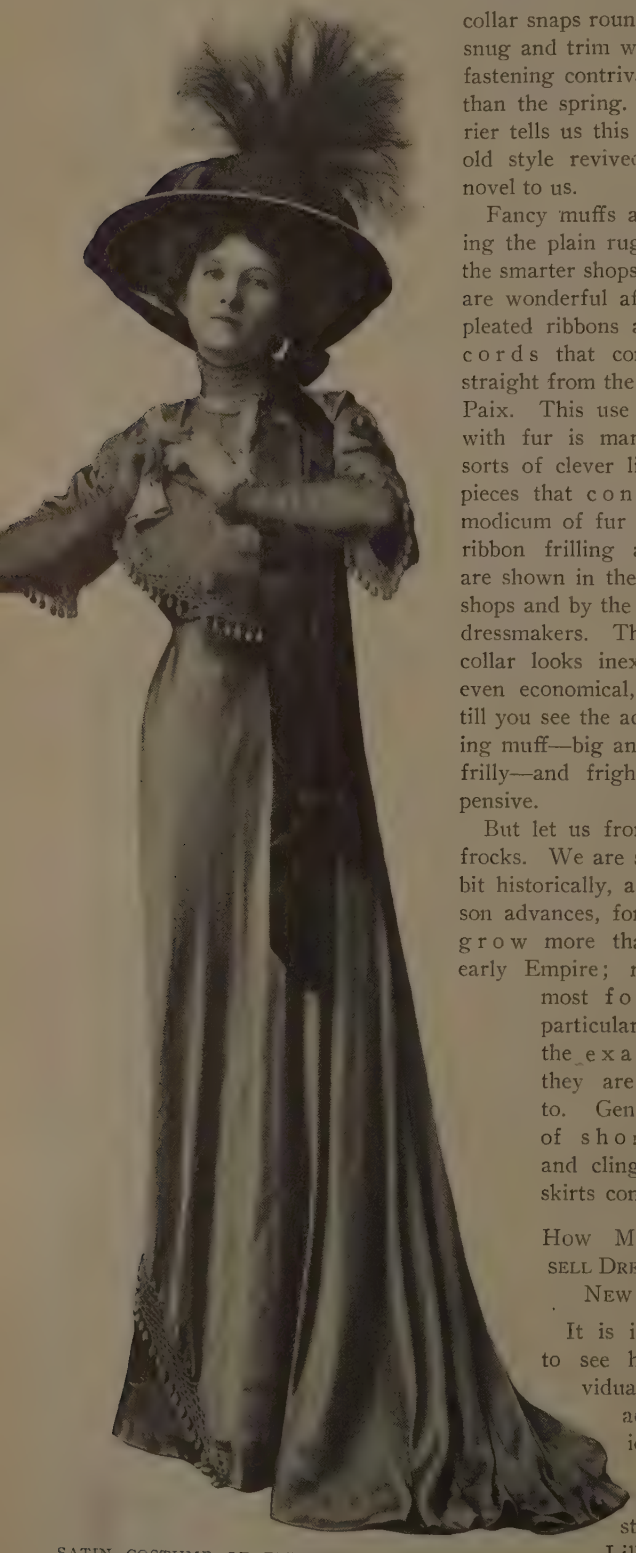
GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
None Purer Than Great Bear.

largely superseded by white fox. Ermine is still countenanced by brides. Witness Miss Billie Burke's ermine scarf tied as carelessly as a ribbon about her bride throat, and her ermine muff—used to emphasize every impulse of her impulsive temperament.

Skins Worth a Fortune When Matched

You may, with perfect fashion propriety, wear sables this winter. There are sables and sables, you know—and, like children, all of 'em good. From $35 to $3,500 a skin gives you a wide range of price; and anywhere from one little skin for a snap collar to a dozen woven into a pelerine will answer for a neckpiece, with six to ten skins more for the muff.

And, by the way, these little spring collars are the latest. They are actually built on a thin, flat wire spring, which runs through the center of the skin. The collar snaps round the neck snug and trim without any fastening contrivance other than the spring. The furrier tells us this is another old style revived, but it's novel to us.



SATIN COSTUME OF ELEPHANT GRAY TRIMMED WITH NETTING FRINGE IN LEATHER SHADE FROM MOOD; HAT OF NOVEL SHAPE FROM McCREERY'S

Fancy muffs are replacing the plain rug muffs in the smarter shops, and they are wonderful affairs with pleated ribbons and heavy cords that come to us straight from the Rue de la Paix. This use of ribbon with fur is marked. All sorts of clever little neckpieces that contain the modicum of fur and much ribbon frilling and bows are shown in the exclusive shops and by the importing dressmakers. The little collar looks inexpensive—even economical, but wait till you see the accompanying muff—big and flat and frilly—and frightfully expensive.

But let us from furs to frocks. We are set back a bit historically, as the season advances, for fashions grow more that of the early Empire; not that most folk worry particularly over the exact period they are dressing to. General lines of short waists and clinging plain skirts continue.

How Miss Russell Dresses Her New Play

It is interesting to see how individual dressers adapt fashions to suit their particular style. Take Lillian Russell's costuming in "Wildfire"; it is distinctly new — distinctly of the "period"; yet it is markedly Miss Russell—and shows her individuality in every fold and line. Truly this is as it should be—for it is the clothes for the woman, not the woman for the clothes, that makes for good dressing.

AN OLD SHAPE REVIVED IN THIS MINK SET

Miss Russell's costumes are all coated. But the coats, mind you, are sheer affairs that are draperies rather than coats. Only one real coat in the outfit, and that's an oyster white satin—can it be this lady's liking for pearls extends even to her frocks?—very Directoire in cut, caught with big white cords and ornamented with great gold buttons, each one bigger than a silver dollar.

A very chic touch on this delightful coat is the smashing big rose in the buttonhole—a pink shading to deepest wine. This is French—distinctly so—for does not the house of Callot send out its best model this fall—similarly adorned? And it's really altogether charming, this exquisite artificial bloom—particularly so as a part and parcel of Miss Russell's costume; for it exactly matches the three huge pink roses that hold the rose-painted chiffon veil draped over her auto hat.

When this love of a coat is removed—one wishes she would keep it on always, it is so smart and perfect—there is revealed a satin frock of pearly whiteness and amazing cut. Just at first it is a beautiful white satin frock. Then Miss Russell moves—and wonder of wonders—was there ever such a mermaid cut? Fascinated, we follow that train with our eyes. Can it be? yes it is—a yoke set at the bottom of the skirt instead of the top. The side breadths are actually pleated into a shaped band, which is an extension of the front panel. Clever? The acme of cleverness, for it does the trick — gives the scant foot line and the narrow, pointed train.

There is a lace coat long and shapely, and yoke and sleeves of tucked net—so faultless in fit that one-half believes them absent entirely.

Miss Russell wears a blue satin gown in the second act—very short-waisted, very long-skirted, very clinging everywhere—and over this hangs a second coat effect of darker blue chiffon, beautifully embroidered. There is a beautiful gold half-belt worn under the transparent coat—ending at the side front with Napoleonic tassels of dull gold. Again, there are the transparent sleeves pointed down to the knuckles, and the high yoke and collar. The sleeves are finished with deep ruches, but none are worn on the collar—which proves Miss Russell's good sartorial sense in forswearing a fashion as surely unbecoming to most folks as is the thick ruche.

One does not like Miss Russell's hat in this act—or rather one does not like this hat on Miss Russell. It is black satin—very stiff and prim and trimmed with a wealth of white aigrettes, but somehow it misses being just the line for Miss Russell's face—and one rejoices when she removes it and prinks out all her little puffs into becoming shape again.

THE Gossard CORSETS
"They Lace In Front"

THAT certain something you call Parisian style and snap in gowns worn by French women—It is the result of their exquisite artistic sense. And to the creative result of that sense, American women owe much.

To one French woman belongs the credit for designing the first truly artistic corset.

Naturally, she was an artist. A famous one—Mme. Consuello Fouide de Grasse, whose paintings adorn the salons of Paris and the most famous galleries of America.

Mme. Consuello Fouide de Grasse conceived the idea of a habit-back, front-lacing corset which would mold women's forms in beautiful lines—and be easy to adjust. The idea was developed by that noted French gown-maker, Mme. Margaine La Croix. This corset was called L'Irresistible. The Gossard Corset, the American counterpart of L'Irresistible—with further valuable perfections built into it—

—Is pre-eminently the most fashionable corset of today.

Hogarth, the famous English artist, was right when he said, that the natural line of a woman's spine is the most beautiful line of art.

The Gossard not only induces the true beauty line and the line of health, because of its graceful, smooth and supporting habit back—it produces side lines and front lines in perfect harmony.

It permits *smarter gowning* because it gives the modiste a better figure to fit.

Gossard Corsets are for sale throughout the country by the store which ranks first in class in every city, where an expert Gossard fitter will invariably be found, and by the best dressmakers.

Write for the name of the Gossard agent in the city nearest you, and a free copy of our charming storiette, "The Story that Babette Told," by a well known author.

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ESTABLISHED 1820 *184 FIFTH AVENUE*

New location will be 518 Fifth Avenue, at 43d St.

The BIOGRAPHY of MAUDE ADAMS

¶Octavo size, 120 pages, tastefully bound in superior quality silk cloth, charmingly illustrated with fine plates made from 24 valuable photos of Miss Adams, giving the first complete series of all her character portrayals, from the beginning of her stage career to her famous creation of Peter Pan. ¶Also a list of the complete casts of some of the earlier New York productions in which Miss Maude Adams took part and where they were produced. ¶An exclusive and genuine Edition de Luxe, with vividly interesting text.

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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO., 26 West 33d Street, New York

A HAT, A HOOD AND A HAIRDRESSING. THE HAT A BURGESSER MODEL WITH RICH RIBBON SCARF; HOOD OF RIBBON ROSE TRIMMED BY CARLIER; HAIRDRESSING A NEW PICTURESQUE TYPE

But it's worth noting that five—yes, five—hatpins are required to hold this hat in place—big white pearl ones they are—and they're set almost like a trimming round the crown.

There is still another frock—this of white satin, very straight and light, hanging from the bust line without an indication of waist. A tunic of amethyst chiffon falls from the jeweled band trimming. This tunic is weighted with silver embroidery, and silver lace forms the long sleeves—frost on snow well describes Miss Russell's arms therein.

Miss Russell wears her pearls with this costume, and in her hair, dressed Greek fashion, are woven strands of pearls. It is a charming picture in color and line and speaks decidedly of the better things in these new style old style gowns—the simplicity, the grace, the beauty.

There is a very good little dress sermon to be deduced from the above described clothes, which is: adopt the styles, but adapt them. That is what Miss Russell has done. Then will your clothes always be yours, and yourself something more than a walking advertisement for good or poor dressmaking.

Fashions in Footwear

Boots are growing higher in cut—not in price, though prices are certainly not modest. Never since the days of bejeweled boot tops have such variety and such elaborateness in footwear prevailed.

Gray footwear is very smart—ooze calf or suede with or without patent vamps. The great vogue of gray or taupe shades in dress materials is affecting the shoe trade, and the shops are having constant call for matching all the various tones known as elephant, taupe, mole, etc.

Have you seen the braided slippers? Truly smart affairs they are—gay colored leathers heavily braided with black soutache and black patent braided in white. Some street boots are shown with this braided vamp, but so far one only sees them in the shoe shops.

What's in a Name?

And now it's the "sheath" boot! Was ever there such a fad as that same sheath name!—in this instance it refers to the shaping of the top of the boot which is notched down at either side in a fashion far less startling in reality than in name.

There is the sheath stocking, too, you know—a lacy woven stripe in the side giving this its right to the magic appellation—and so it goes.

From a style which never really existed we are shaping the fashions of a season. But nobody cares whence they come since the styles in the main are such charming ones.

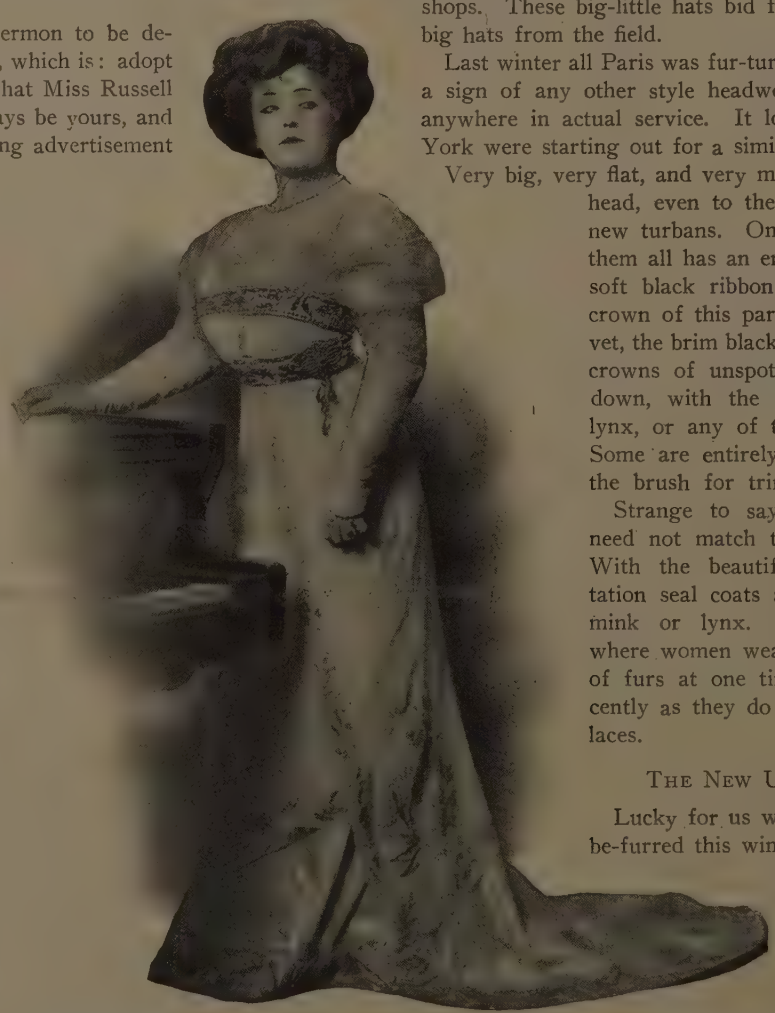
Enter the Fur Turban

Furs are beginning to go to feminine heads, literally, not figuratively. Smashing big turbans of fur are being shown in the best shops. These big-little hats bid fair soon to drive the big hats from the field.

Last winter all Paris was fur-turbaned; absolutely not a sign of any other style headwear was to be found anywhere in actual service. It looks as though New York were starting out for a similar vogue.

Very big, very flat, and very much set down on the head, even to the eyebrows, are these new turbans. One of the smartest of them all has an enormous sash bow of soft black ribbon on the back. The crown of this particular turban is velvet, the brim black martin. Others have crowns of unspotted ermine or eiderdown, with the brim of mink, seal, lynx, or any of the fashionable pelts. Some are entirely of black lynx with the brush for trimming.

Strange to say, the fur turban need not match the other furs worn. With the beautiful sealskin or imitation seal coats are worn turbans of mink or lynx. This follows Paris, where women wear a half-dozen kinds of furs at one time quite as complacently as they do a similar number of laces.



THIS GOWN WORN BY MISS RUSSELL IN "WILDFIRE" IS A SYMPHONY IN WHITE, AMETHYST AND SILVER

The New Undergarments

Lucky for us we are to be so amply be-furred this winter, since we are left so little else in the way of clothing. Underwear is practically abolished. Dressmakers and merchants vie with each other in recommend-

Toilet Preparations for the Complexion

Du Dr. Dys

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Dr. Dys, for many years a renowned beauty specialist, has met with remarkable success with his **Sachets de Toilette.** His Sachets, Tonics and Skin Foods appeal especially to women careful in the preservation of their complexions and whose refined taste forbids the use of harmful cosmetics.

By prescribing for the various complexions, according to their respective needs, the proper **Sachets de Toilette** can be recommended.

All the Sachets prevent and eradicate wrinkles and keep the skin in perfect condition.

Sachets Simples for young girls, the box of fifty, $1.75.

Sachets de Jeunesse for blondes, $3.75 per box.

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They are purity itself. Their beneficial action never fails and hosts of testimonials from fashionable women, physicians of highest standing, leading actresses and others, bestowing unstinted praise upon them after years of regular application, place their proven efficacy and beautifying powers beyond even the shadow of a doubt. The Olein treatment comprises the use of the following preparations:

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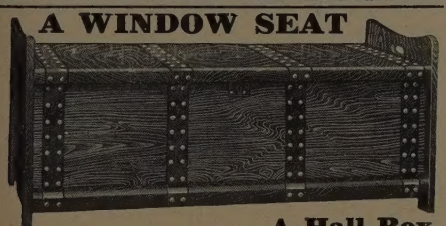

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¶ Beginning next January, 1909, the price of The Theatre Magazine will be increased to 35 cents a copy, and the yearly subscriptions to $3.50.

¶ Up to January 1 next, we will accept subscriptions for one or two years at the present rate of $3.00 a year.

¶ Our present subscribers may send in their renewals at the old rate dating from the time that their actual subscription expires.

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